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High 4, Total 11.
Pupils perfect in attendance (neither
absent, tardy nor dissatisfied): Ho-
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Charles Ball, Alva Dunn, Eliza Doug-
lass, Linda Steadman, Albert Sanchez,
Harvard Allen, Aaron Mitchell, Ken-
neth Sprague.
Not absent: Elizabeth Payne, Je-
annette Mott, Harold Conley, Fred Jones,
Osborn Hull, Wallace Mitchell, Jr.,
Adelbert Willis.

The St. Mary's Auxiliary of the American Red Cross Society met Thursday with Mrs. George A. H. This is the only Chapter that will through the summer, observe a two- and three months' vacation.



The Devil's Own

A Romance of the Black Hawk War

By Randall Parrish

Author of 'Contraband', 'Shoes of the Irish Brigade', 'When Wilderness was King', etc.

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Kennedy stood up and stared about him in the desolate scene, the expression of his face proving his dissatisfaction with the prospect.

"O, course, I'm a gonn' long with yer, cap," he acknowledged, dryly. "I never was no quitter, but this yere trip don't look so d-d easy ter me, fer all that. I'll wake up that Clark gurl an' then saddle the hosses."

I watched him round the corner of the cabin, not wholly at ease in my own mind, then gathered up the map and replaced it in my pocket, aware that Eloise had not moved from her position on the grass.

"Is he right?" she questioned, looking up at me. "Is there any real danger of Indians?"

"Some, perhaps; it is all Indian country, north and east of here—or has been. I am not denying that, but this danger does not compare, in my mind, with the peril which confronts us in every direction. I am trying to choose the least. Our greatest difficulty will be the lack of food—we possess no guns with which to kill game, only pistols, and an exceedingly small stock of ammunition. That is what troubles Tim; that, and his eagerness to get back down the river. He fails to realize what it would mean to you to fall again into Kirby's hands."

"Do you realize?"

"Do? It is the one memory which controls me. Tell me, am I not right? You despise the fellow; you are willing to face any hardship so as to escape him?"

"I would rather die than have him touch me. Surely you cannot deem it possible that I could ever forgive?"

"No; that would be hard to conceive; and yet I wished to hear the words from your own lips. Will you answer me one thing more—why did you first assume the character of Rene, and why did you repose such instant trust in me?"

"I think I myself hardly knew," she admitted timidly. "It all happened, was born of impulse, rather than through any plan. Perhaps it was just the woman in me. After my father died, Della thought it best to tell us the story of Rene's birth. This—this was such a terrible tale, and later we sought all through his private papers, hoping he had taken some action to set those two free. There was no proof that he had, no mention, indeed, except a memorandum of intention to refer the matter to Lawyer Haines at the Landing. This merely served to confirm what Della had told us, and, as Haines had gone to St. Louis, we were unable to see him. We were all of us nearly crazed. So I suggested that we run away, and drew money out of my private account for that purpose. My only thought was to take a steamer up the Ohio, to some place where we were not known, and begin life over again. Oh, you cannot understand—I had no mind left; only a blind impulse to save them."

I caught her hand in mine and held it firmly.

"Perhaps I do understand. It was my knowledge of this very condition which first brought me to you."

"You heard about us on the boat—the Warrior? Did father tell you?"

"No; it was Kirby. He was actually proud of what he had done—boasted to me of his success. I have never known a man so heartlessly conceited. Eloise, listen. You may have thought this was largely an accident. It was not; it was a deliberately planned, cold-blooded plot. I tell you that Joe Kirby is of the devil's own breed; he is not human. Rene's father told him first of the peculiar conditions at Beaucalre."

"Rene's father! Does—does he still live?"

"No; but he did live for years after he disappeared, supporting himself by gambling on the lower river. At one time he and Kirby were together. After he died Kirby investigated his story in St. Louis and found that it was true. Then he laid this plot to gain control of everything, including both of you girls. The man dreamed of owning Beaucalre, of possessing all it contained. He was willing to risk everything to carry out his hell-born scheme, and to ruin everyone who interfered with him. I am telling you all this, Eloise, because it is now time you should know. Will you not tell me just how all this came to you?"

Her hands clung to me, as though she dare not let go, her eyes were filled with a mingling of wonderment and pain.

"Why, of course. We thought it best not to go until after we could see the lawyer. I could not believe my father had neglected to set those two free—he loved them both. Della and Rene had gone down to the Landing that night to see if he had returned. We were both of us afraid to leave Rene alone—she was so despondent, so unstrung. It was dark and I was all alone in the house. Then these men came. They did not know me and I did not know them, but I was sure what they came for. I was terribly frightened, without an idea what to do—only I refused to talk. All I could do was to pray that the others might be warned and not return. They searched the house and then left this man Tim to guard me. He told me he was a deputy sheriff from St. Louis, and—and I encouraged him to explain all he knew about the case. Then I made up my mind what to do—I would pretend to be Rene, and let them carry me off as they pleased."

"The only way to realize the danger

to yourself?"

"No, I suppose I didn't, or, rather, I did not care. All I thought about was how to save her. These were law officers; they would take me to St. Louis before a court. Then I could make myself known and would be set free. They couldn't do anything else, could they? There was no law by which I could be held, but—but, don't you see? The delay might give Rene time to escape. That was not wrong, was it?"

"Wrong! It was one of the bravest things I ever heard of. And I know the rest—your encounter with Kirby in the library. I overheard all of that through the open window, and how you learned from him that certain legal papers would have to be served on Eloise Beaucalre before any of the slaves could be touched, or removed from the estate. That knowledge only brought you new courage to play out your part. But why did you trust me enough to go with me? And, after trusting me so fully, why did you refuse to tell me who you really were?"

Her eyes fell before mine, and her cheeks were flushed.

"You think that strange? I did trust you, Lieutenant Knox, and I trusted you more completely the longer we were together. But—but I did not wholly understand. You were endeavoring to rescue Rene from slavery. I could not conceive what interest you might feel if I should confess myself Eloise. You were strange to me; you were there alone with the negro, and—somehow it seemed a protection to me to claim a drop of black blood. Twice I thought to tell you—the words were on my lips—but something stopped them. Possibly, just a little, I was afraid of you."

"Then—but not now?"

"No, not now—not even a little; you have proven yourself all I ever hoped you would be. I am glad—so glad—to say to you now, I am Eloise Beau—"

She stopped suddenly, the word half uttered, the smile fading from her



"My God!" she burst forth.

Lips. "My God!" she burst forth. "But I am not! I am not! Why, I never felt the horror of it all before—I am not Eloise Beaucalre!"

A moment I stood motionless, seeming to hold my breath, my eyes open, struck silent by the intense bitterness of that cry. Then the reaction came, the knowledge that I must turn her thoughts elsewhere.

"Do not say that, or even think it," I urged, scarcely able to restrain myself from grasping her in my arms. "Even if it shall prove true—legally true—some way of escape will be found. The others are safe, and you are going to need all your courage. Pledge me to forget, to ignore this thing. I need you."

Her hands fell nerveless and her questioning eyes sought my face.

"You are right, Lieutenant Knox," she said frankly. "I owe my loyalty now to you. I shall not field again to despair; you may trust me—my friend."

The day was not ended when we finally retraced our way across the narrow dyke to the mainland, prepared to resume our journey. The passage was slow and dangerous, and we made it on foot, leading the horses. The woods were already beginning to darken as we forded the north branch of the creek and came forth through a fringe of forest trees into a country of rolling hills and narrow valleys. The two girls were already mounted, and Tim and I were busily tightening the straps for a night's ride, when, from behind us, back in the direction of the peninsula we had just quitted, there sounded the sharp report of a rifle. We straightened up, startled, and our eyes met. There could be but one conclusion—our pursuers had found the trail.

CHAPTER XV.

A Field of Massacre.

To my mind, seated on that island in the morass, a map spread before me, a hundred miles of travel had not appeared a very serious matter, but I was destined to learn my mistake. The close proximity of the men seeking to overtake us—as evidenced by that rifle shot—awoke within us a sense of imminent danger and drove us forward through the fast gathering darkness at a perilous pace, especially as our mounts were not of the best.

We rested for an hour at midnight, on the banks of a small stream. The sky had lightened somewhat, and we could perceive the way fairly well when we again advanced, now traveling through a more open country, a prairie, interspersed with groves of trees. Daylight overtook us at the

edge of a slough, which bordered a little lake, where in the gray dawn, Tim, by a lucky shot, managed to kill a crippled duck, which later furnished us with a meager breakfast. In the security of a nearby cluster of trees, we ventured to build a fire, and, sitting about it, discussed whether to remain there or press on. It was decided to remain where we were and rest.

I need not dwell on the details of our flight. They remain in my memory in all clearness, each scene distinct, each incident a picture engraved on the mind. My map proved utterly useless, confusing me by its wrong location of streams, and its inaccuracy in the estimation of distances. We must have wandered far to the north from our direct course, led astray in the dark, and by our desire to advance swiftly. For there soon came to us warning signs that we were indeed being pursued; and some evidence also that we were even within Indian territory.

The savages had left their unmistakable mark for our finding. It was in the early twilight of the second day, the western sky already purple with the fast fading colors, the prairie before us showing in patches of green and brown. To our left was a thick wood, even then grown gloomy and dark in shadows, and slightly in advance of us Kennedy rode alone, hopeful of thus dislodging some wild animal. I could see the gleam of the pistol in his hand, held in instant readiness, cocked and primed. Suddenly he drew rein, and then, turning his horse's head sharply, advanced, cautiously toward the miniature forest, leaning forward to gaze intently at something unseen from where we were. He halted his horse, which pawed restlessly, and sat motionless, staring down into a little hollow immediately in front of him; then he turned in the saddle, and beckoned me.

"Come over yere, Cap," he called, his voice sounding strange. "No, not the girls; you cum alone."

I rode forward and joined him, only to stare also, the heart within me almost ceasing to beat, as I beheld the gruesome sight so suddenly revealed. There, within the confines of that little hollow, almost at the edge of the wood, lay the dead and mutilated bodies of eleven men, in every distorted posture imaginable, some stripped naked, and showing ghastly wounds; others fully clothed; but with the cloth hacked into rags. It had once been a camp, the black coats of a fire still visible, with one man lying across them, his face burnt and unrecognizable. With the exception of one only—a mere boy, who lay a few rods away, as though brought down in flight—the entire group were together, almost touching each other in death. Beyond question they had been soldiers—militia volunteers—for while there was only one uniform among them, they all wore army belts, and a service insignia appeared on their hats. Tim vented his feelings in a smothered oath.

"Militia, by God!" he muttered gruffly. "No guard set; the bloody Injuns jumped 'em Yrums out them woods. Those poor devils never hed no chance. Ain't that it, Cap?"

"No doubt of it; the whole story is there. None of them alive?"

"I reckon not—couldn't be hacked up like that, an' most o' 'em skelped. Them reids never left a d—gun behind neither. Why, say, this affair must a took place this yere very mornin', 'bout breakfast time."

He stood up in his stirrups, and swept his eyes anxiously about in every direction.

"Good Lord! maybe we better be gittin' long out o' yere right smart. Thar ain't nuthin' fer stay fer; we can't help them men now, an' only the devil knows whar them Injuns hav' gone. Yer gitt the girls away afore they see whits yere—down yonder, inter the valley."

I took one more glance at the sight, fascinated by its very horror, then wheeled my terrified horse, and rode back. Heartless as his words sounded, they were nevertheless true. We could be of no aid to the dead, while upon us yet rested the duty of guarding the living. The young negress lifted her head, and gazed at me dully, so thoroughly tired as to be indifferent as to what had occurred; but Eloise read instantly the message of my face.

"You have looked upon something terrible," she cried. "What was it, a dead body?"

"Eleven dead bodies," I answered gravely, my lips trembling. "A squad of militiamen were surprised by Indians over there, and slaughtered to a man, apparently with no chance to even defend themselves. I have never seen a more terrible sight."

"Indians, you say! Here?" her eyes



widened in horror. "When do you suppose this happened? how long ago?"

"Within twelve hours certainly; probably soon after dawn."

I caught the rein of her horse, and Eloise, who was now wide awake, and trembling with fear, pressed forward, close to my side, moaning and casting her frightened glances backward. Kennedy was already started in advance of us on foot, leading his animal, and seeking to discover the quickest passage to shelter. On a narrow terrace the deputy halted us.

"I reckon maybe this yere is us gaid as any place fer ter stop," he said rather doubtfully. "It'd be mighty dark in an hour, an' then we kin go on; only my hoss is about did up. What ye say, Cap?"

"We are probably as safe here as anywhere in the neighborhood. Is that all you have to report, Tim?"

He lifted his hat, and scratched gently his thin hair.

"Only that them Injuns went south. I done run onto their trail after yer left—it was plain as the nose on yer face. Thar must'r bin a slew o' 'em, an' sun a hossback; they was a strikin' straight across yonder, an' I reckon they fetched a prisoner 'long, somebody wearin' boots anyhow, 'fer I saw the tracks in the mud." He hesitated, as though something was on his mind, glancing toward the girls, and lowering his voice. "I ain't so very dern tired, an' reckon I'll scout 'round a bit. Them red devils might'r overlooked a ride, er two back thar in the timber, an' I'd sure like ter gif my fingers on one."

I nodded indifferently, too completely exhausted myself to care what he did, and then dully-eyed watched him disappear through the trees. "No one spoke, even Eloise falling to question me, as I approached, where she and Eloise had flung themselves on the short grass, although her heavy eyes followed my movement, and she made an effort to smile.

"One can easily see by your face how tired you are," I said, compassionately, looking down at her. "I am going to sleep for an hour or two, and you had both better do the same. Tim is going to keep guard."

She smiled wearily at me, her head sinking back. I did not move or speak again; indeed I had lost consciousness almost before I touched the ground.

I could not have slept long, for there was a glow of light still visible in the western sky, when a strong grip on my arm aroused me, causing me instantly to sit up. Tim stood there, a battered, old, long rifle in his hand, and beside him a boy of eighteen, without a hat, tousled headed, with an ugly red wound showing on one cheek.

"Mighty sorry fer ter wake ye, Cap," the deputy grinned. "This yere young chap is one o' them sojers; an' it strikes me, he's got a d—queer tale ter tell."

I glanced backward across my shoulder toward the others. Both girls were sleeping soundly, while beyond them, down the slope, the three horses were quietly cropping away at the herbage. I managed to rise.

"Let's move back to the spring, where we will not wake them up," I suggested. "Now we can talk."

My eyes sought the face of the lad questioning me. He was a loose-lipped, awkward but, trembling still from a fright he could not conceal.

"You belonged to that squad killed out yonder?"

"Yes, seh; I reckon I've the only one what ain't ded," he stammered, so tongue-tied I could scarcely make out his words. "I was gone after wahter, an' when them Injuns begun fer ter yell, I never dun nuthin' but just run, an' hid in the bush."

"I understand. What is your name?"

"Asa Hall."

"Well, Asa, I suppose those were militiamen; you belonged to the company?"

He nodded, his eyes dull, his lips moving, as though it was an effort to talk. Quite evidently whatever little intellect he had ever possessed, now refused to respond. Kennedy broke in impatiently.

"It takes that boy 'bout an hour fer ter tell nuthin', Cap," he explained gruffly. "I reckon he's skereed half ter death in the first place, an' then thar's nuthin' wrong with him anyhow. Howsmever, it's whits he seed an' heard, Cap, that sounds mighty queer ter me. He sez thar was more'n fifty bucks in that party, an' that o' Black Hawk was thar hisself, a leadin' 'em—he done saw him."

I turned, surprised at this statement, to stare into the boy's face. He half grinned back at me, merrily.

"Black Hawk! He could scarcely be down here; what did he look like?"

"'Bout six feet high, I reckon, with a big hooked nose, an' the blackest pair o' mean eyes ever ye saw. I reckon he didn't hav' no eyebrows, an' he wore a bunch o' eagle feathers, an' a red blanket. Gosh, mister, but the devil couldn't look no worse'n he did."

"Was that him, Cap?" burst in Tim, anxiously.

"It's not a bad description," I admitted, yet not convinced. "I can't believe he would be here with a raiding party. If he was, there must be some important object in view. Is that all?"

"No, 'tain't; the boy swears thar was a white man 'long with 'em, a feller with a short mustache, an' dressed in store clothes. He wasn't no prisoner nuther, but hed a gun, an' talked fer Black Hawk, most like he was a chief hisself. After the killing was all over, he was the one whut got 'em ter go off thar to the south, the whole kit an' kaboodle."

"I don't doubt that. There have always been white renegades among the Sacs and plenty of half-breeds. If Black Hawk, and this other fellow are leading this band, they are after big game somewhere, and we had better keep out of their way. I favor saddling up immediately, and traveling all night."

"So do I," and Tim dug a half-filled bag from his shoulder to the ground. "But I vote we eat first. Tain't much, only a few scraps I found out thar; but it's a way better than nuthin'! Here you, Hall, give me a hand, an' then we'll go out, an' round up them hosses."

If the party of raiding Indians, whose foul deed we had discovered, had departed in a southerly direction, as their trail would plainly seem to indicate, then our safest course would

seemingly be directed eastward up the valley. This would give us the protection of the bluffs, and take us more and more out of the territory they would be likely to cover. Within twenty minutes we were in saddle, descending the steep hillside through the darkness, Tim walking ahead with the lead, his horse trailing behind, and the long rifle across his shoulder.

I do not recall feeling any special fear. In the first place I was convinced that we must already be at the extreme limit of Black Hawk's radius, and that, traveling as we were eastward, must before morning be well beyond any possible danger of falling into the hands of his warriors. The other pursuers I had practically dismissed from thought. Shortly after midnight my horse strained a tendon, and could no longer uphold my weight. On foot, with the poor beast limping painfully behind me, I pressed on beside Eloise, both of us silent, too utterly wearied with the strain for any attempt at speech.

The rising sun topped the summit of the bluff, its red rays seeming to bridge with spans of gossamer the little valley, up which we toiled. I had lost my interest, and was walking doggedly on, with eyes bent upon the ground, when the girl beside me cried out suddenly, a new excitement in her voice.

"Oh, there is a cabin! Seel Over yonder; just beyond that big oak, where the bluff turns."

Her eager face was aglow, her outstretched hand pointing eagerly.

The logs of which the little building had been constructed, still in their native bark, blended so perfectly with the drab hillside beyond, that for the moment none of us caught the distant outlines. Tim possessed the keenest sight, and his voice was first to speak.

"Sure, miss, that's a cabin, all right," he said grimly. "One room, an' new built; likely 'nough sum settler just com' in yere. I don't see no movement, ner smoke."

"Lead to the nearest fort probably," I replied, able myself by this time to decipher the spot. "The too risky to stay out here alone. We'll look it over; there might be food left behind, even if the people have gone."

We must have been half an hour in covering the distance. The cabin stood well up above the stream, within the shade of the great oak, and we were confronted, long before we reached it, in our former judgment that it was uninhabited. No sign of life was visible about the place; it had the appearance of desertion, no smoke even curling from out the chimney. A faint trail, evidently little used, led down toward the creek, and we followed this as it wound around the base of the big tree. Then it was that the truth dawned suddenly upon us—there to our right lay a dead man, harnessed for work, but with throat cut; while directly in front of the cabin door was a dog, an ugly, massive brute, his mouth open, prone on his back, with stiffened legs pointing to the sky. I dropped my rifle, and strode forward.

"Wait where you are," I called back. "There have been savages here; let me see first what has happened inside."

The dog had been shot, stricken by two bullets, and I was obliged to drag his huge body to one side before I could press my way in through the door. The open doorway and window afforded ample light, and a single glance was sufficient to reveal most of the story. The table had been smashed as by the blow of an ax, and pewter dishes were everywhere. The bed in one corner had been stripped of its coverlets, many of them slashed by a knife, and the straw tick had been ripped open in a dozen places. Coals from the fireplace lay widespread, some of them having eaten deeply into the hard wood before they ceased smoldering.

I saw all this, yet my eyes rested upon something else. A man lay, bent double across an overturned bench, in a posture which hid his face from view. His body was there alone, although a child's shoe lay on the floor, and a woman's linsey dress dangled from a hook against the wall. I crouched forward, my heart pounding madly, until I could gain sight of his face. He was a big fellow, not more than thirty, with sandy hair and beard, and a pugnacious jaw, his coarse hickory shirt slashed into ribbons, a bullet wound in the center of his forehead, and one arm broken by a vicious blow. His calloused hands yet gripped the haft of an ax, just as he had died—fighting.

Tim's voice spoke from the doorway.

"Injuns, I reckon?"

"Yes, they have been here; the man is dead. But there must have been others, a woman and child also—see that shoe on the floor, and the dress hanging over there. The poor devil fought hard."

Kennedy stepped inside, staring about him.

"Do you think it best to stop here?"

"Why not? Tain't likely them devils will be back agin. Thar sure must be somethin' fer us ter eat in the place, an' the Lord kno's we can't go on as we are. Them girls be mighty nigh ready ter drop, an' two o' the hosses has plum giv' out. I'm fer settin' down fer a few hours anyhow—say till it gets middling dark."

Undoubtedly this was the sensible view. We would be in far less danger remaining there under cover than in any attempt to continue our journey by daylight. Together we carried the body out, and deposited it in a thicket behind the cabin, awaiting burial; and then dragged the dead dog also out of sight. The disorder within was easily remedied, and, after this had been attended to, the girls were permitted to enter. Eloise sank back on the bench, her head supported against the wall, the lashes of her half-closed eyes showing dark against the whiteness of her cheeks. She looked so pitifully tired, the very heart clogged in my throat.

The rest of us found a small stock of provisions, and Eloise, with Tim to aid her, built a fire and prepared

breakfast. A half-filled bottle of whiskey discovered in the cupboard, helped to revive all of us slightly, and gave Asa sufficient courage to seek outside for a spring. Tim, comparatively unworried himself, and restless, located a trapdoor in the floor, rather ingeniously concealed, which disclosed the existence of a small cellar below. Candles in hand he explored this, returning with two guns, together with a quantity of powder and ball, and information that there remained a half keg of the explosive hidden below.

"Must a bin a bin," he blow up stumps, I reckon," he commented, exhibiting a sample. "Conrrest I ever saw; cuden't hardly use that in no gun, but it's powder alright."

To remove the debris out of our way, I was gathering up the straw tick and salt blankets, and piled them all together back on the bed. Clinging to one of the blankets, caught and held by its pin, was a peculiar emblem, and I stood for a moment with it in my hand, curiously examining the odd design. Eloise unclosed her eyes, and started to her feet.

"What is that you have?" she asked.

"A pin of some kind—a rather strange design; I just found it here, entangled in this blanket."

"Why," she exclaimed in surprise, "I have seen one exactly like it before—Kirby wore it in his tie."

CHAPTER XVI.

We Accept a Refugee.

I looked again at the thing with a fresh curiosity, yet with no direct thought of any connection. "The undisguised terror manifest in her face, however, caused me to realize the sudden suspicion which this discovery had aroused.

"That means nothing," I insisted, taking the pin back into my own possession. "It is probably the emblem of some secret order, and there may be thousands of them scattered about. Anyhow this one never belonged to Joe Kirby. He could never have been here. My guess is the fellow is back at Yellow Banks before now. Forget it, Eloise, while we eat. Then a few hours sleep will restore your nerves; you are all worn out."

We had nearly completed the meal, seated around what remained of the shattered table. The boy Asa sat at the very end of the table, facing the open door, eating as though he had not tasted food for a week. From the time of sitting down he had scarcely raised his eyes from off the powder plate before him; but at last this was emptied, and he lifted his head, to stare out through the open door. Into his face came a look of dumb, inarticulate fright, as his lips gave utterance to one cry of warning.

"Look! Look!"

With swift turn of the head I saw what he meant—a man on horseback, riding at a savage gallop up the trail, directly for the cabin, bent so low in the saddle his features could not be discerned, but, from his clothing, unquestionably white. I was without the door, Tim beside me rifle in hand, when the fellow swept around the base of the oak, still staring behind him, as though in fright of pursuers, and dogging his straining horse with the end of a rein. He appeared fairly crazed with fear, unaware in his blind terror of the close proximity of the cabin.

"Hold on!" I yelled, springing forward, my arms thrown up, directly in the animal's course. "Stop, you fool!"

I knew not whether the frantic horse checked itself, or if the rider drew rein, but the beast stopped, half rearing, and I gazed with amazement into the revealed face of the man—he was Joe Kirby. Before I could speak, or move, he burst into words.

"You! Knox! My God, man, whoever you are, don't refuse me shelter!"

"Shelter? From what?" my hand closing on a pistol butt.

"Indians! Be merciful, for God's sake. They are there in the valley, they are after me. I just escaped them—they were going to burn me at the stake!"

I glanced aside at Tim; his rifle was hung around his neck. Then I looked quickly back at the man, who had already dropped from his horse, and seemed scarcely able to stand. Was this true, had he ridden here unknowing whom he would meet, with no other thought but to save his life? Heaven knows he looked the part—his swarthy face, dirtied, with a stain of blood on one cheek, his shirt ripped into rags, bare headed, and with a look of terror in his eyes not to be mistaken. Villain and savage as I knew him to be, I still felt a strange wave of pity sweep mo—pity and tenderness, mingled with hatred and distrust.

"Kirby," I said, and strode in between him and Tim's leveled weapon. "There is no friendship between us—now, or at any time. I believe you to be a miserable, snarling dog; but I would give even a cur from Indian torture. Did you know we were here?"

"No, so help me God. I saw the cabin, and hoped to find help."

"The savages are following you?"

"Yes—yes; see! Look down there



"Indians! Be Merciful for God's Sake."

Continued on Page 3

Newport & Providence

Street Ry Co.

JUNE 1, 1918

Cars Leave Washington
Square for ProvidenceWEEK DAYS—6.50, 7.40, 8.50 A.
M., then each hour to 8.50 P. M.SUNDAYS—7.30 A. M., then each
hour to 9.50 P. M.

THE DEVIL'S OWN

Continued from Page 2

—there are half a hundred of the
devils, and—Black Hawk."By this holy smoke, Cap, he's right
—there they are!" sang out Kennedy,
pointing excitedly. "The cuss ain't a
lyin'! What'll we do?"I saw them also by this time, my
mind in a whirl of indecision. What
should we do? What ought we to do?
We should have to fight to the death—
there was no doubt of that. An at-
tempt to get away was manifestly im-
possible. But what about this rene-
gade, this infernal scoundrel, this hell-
hound who had been trailing us to kill
and destroy? Should we turn him back
now to his deserved fate, or should we
offer him the same chance for life we
had? He might fight; he might aid
one side to our defense; he might help
us to hold out until rescuers came.
And then—then—after that—we could
settle our score. Tim's voice broke the
silence."I reckon we ain't got much time,"
he said grimly. "It's one thing, or the
other. I'm fer givin' the d—beggar
a chance. I can't turn no white man
over ter Indians—not me. Kirby's got
a gun, an' I reckon we're goin' fer ter
need 'em all afore this blame fracas
is over with.""And I agree with you, Mr. Ken-
nedy," said Eloise, clearly, speaking
from the open door. "Lieutenant
Knox, no one here has more to forgive
than I. We must give the man refuge
—it would be inhuman not to.""Go in!" I said, gratingly, to Kirby,
looking him squarely in the eyes. "And
then play the man, if you care to live."
I lingered there upon the outside for
a moment, but for a moment only. The
advancing cloud of savages were al-
ready coming up the slope, gradually
spreading out into the form of a fan.
The majority were mounted, although
several struggled forward on foot.
Near their center appeared the omni-
bus gleam of a red blanket, waved
back and forth as though in signal, but
the distance was too great for my
eyes to distinguish the one manipulat-
ing it. We were trapped, with our
backs to the wall.There were but few preparations to
be made, and I gave small attention
to Kirby until these had been hastily
completed. The door and window were
barred, the powder and slugs brought
up from below, the few loopholes between
the logs opened, and a pall of water placed
within easy reach. This was all that
could be done.Kennedy made use of the fellow, or-
dering him about almost brutally, and
Kirby obeyed the commands without
an answering protest. To all appear-
ances he was as eager as we in the
preparations for defense. But he could
not command him; to even address the
fellow would have been torture, for
even then I was without faith, with-
out confidence. The very sneaking,
cowardly way in which he acted did
not appeal to me as natural. I could
not deny his story—those approaching
Indians alone were proof that he fled
from a real danger; and yet—and yet,
to my mind he could not represent
anything but treachery. I possessed
but one desire—to kick the cringing
cur.I stood at a loophole watching the
approaching savages. They had halted
just below the big tree, and four or
five half hidden by the huge trunk,
were in consultation, well beyond rifle
shot. Assured by their attitude that
the attack would not be made immedi-
ately, I ventured to turn my face
slightly, and take final survey of the
room behind. Tim had stationed him-
self at the other side of the door, his
eyes glued to a narrow opening, both
hands gripped on his gun. Eloise and
the colored girl, the one dry-eyed and
alert, the other prone on the floor cry-
ing, were where I had told them to
go, into the darkest corner. The boy
I did not see, nor even remember, but
Kirby stood on the bench, which en-
abled him to peer out through the
loophole in the window shutter. What
I noticed, however, was, that instead
of keeping watch without, his eyes
were furtively wandering about the
room, and, when they suddenly en-
countered mine, were as instantly
averted."Where was it you met those In-
dians, Kirby?" I questioned sternly.

"Down the valley."

"Last night?"

"This morning; they surprised us in
camp.""In camp? There were others with
you, then. Who were they? The party
you had trailing us?""Yes," a decidedly sullen tone creep-
ing into his voice. "Five of them; one
was a Winnebago.""And Rale was along, I presume.
What became of the others?"He shook his head, but with no show
of feeling."That's more than I know. Things
were hot enough for me without both-
ering about the rest. I never saw any
of them again, except Rale. He was
killed in the fight. About an hour
after that I shot the buck who was
guarding me, and got away on his
horse."

"What Indians were they?"

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA"Sacs mostly; some Foxes, and may-
be a Winnebago or two."

"Was Black Hawk with them?"

"I don't know—I never saw Black
Hawk."I felt firmly convinced that he was
deliberately lying, and yet there was
nothing in his story which might not
be true. No doubt it was prejudice,
personal hatred, and distrust which led
me to come to this conclusion. Well,
true or not, I meant to see that he
fought now."All right, but I advise you to keep
your eyes outside," I said sternly.
"Don't be staring about the cabin any
more.""I was looking for something to
eat.""Is that so? Well, you better stand
it for awhile without eating. What is
it, Eloise?"

"Please let me hand him some food?"

I hesitated, conscious that I disliked
even the thought of her serving the
fellow in any way, yet unable to resist
the eager plea in her eyes."Very well, if you wish to; only
keep down out of range; those Indians
may try for the loopholes. It is more
than you deserve, Kirby."He made no response, and I watched
him closely as he endeavored to eat
what she proffered him, and felt con-
vinced that it was hard work. The
man had lied about being hungry; he
was not in need of food, and my deep-
rooted suspicion of him only flamed
up anew.A hand gripped at my sleeve lightly,
and I turned quickly to encounter the
eyes of Asa Hall. Never did I read
such depth of fear in the expression
of any face—it was the wild, unreason-
ing terror of an animal.

"What is it, my boy?"

"It's him, seh," he whispered, his
lips trembling so I could scarce catch
the words. "That feller ther. He's—
he's the one I saw las' night with Black
Hawk."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, seh; I know him. I saw him
plain as I do now."I do not know why, but every bit of
evidence against the man came in-

"Kirby, stand up! Drop that rifle!"

stantly thronging back to my mind—
the chance remark of Throckmorton on
the Warrior about his suspicion of In-
dian blood; the high cheek bones and
thin lips; the boy's earlier description;
the manner in which our trail had been
so relentlessly followed; the strange
emblem found pinned to the blanket.
I seemed to grasp the entire truth—
the wily, cowardly scheme of treachery
he was endeavoring to perpetrate. My
blood boiled in my veins, and yet I
felt cold as ice, as if I swung about and
faced the fellow, my rifle hung for-
ward."Kirby, stand up! Drop that rifle—
take it, Eloise. Now raise your hands.
Tim."

"What's up?"

"Is there anything serious going on
outside?""No; nothing much—just pow-
wowin'. Yer want me?""Search that scoundrel for weapons.
Don't ask questions; do what I say."He made short work of it, using no
gentle methods."Wal, the gent wasn't exactly harm-
less," he reported, grinning cheerfully,
"considerin' this yer knife an' cannon.
Now, maybe y'll tell me what the
h—s up?"Kirby stood erect, his dark eyes
searching our faces, his lips scornful."And perhaps, Mr. Lieutenant
Knox," he added sarcastically. "You
might condescend to explain to me
also the purpose of this outrage.""With pleasure," but without lower-
ing my rifle. "This boy here belonged
to the company of soldiers massacred
yesterday morning. You know where I
mean. He was the only one to escape
alive, and he saw you there among the
savages—free, and one of them.""He tells you that? And you accept
the word of that half-wit?""He described your appearance to us
exactly twenty-four hours ago. I
never thought of you at the time, al-
though the description was accurate
enough, because it seemed so impos-
sible for you to have been there. But
that isn't all, Kirby. What has become
of the emblem pin you wore in your
tie? It is gone, I see."His hand went up involuntarily. It
is possible he had never missed it be-
fore, for a look of indecision came into
the man's face—the first symptom of
weakness I had ever detected there.

"It must have been lost—mistaken."

"It was; and I chance to be able to
tell you where—in this very room.
Here is your pin, you incarnate devil.
I found it caught in these blankets
yonder. This is not your first visit to
this cabin; you were here with Indian
murderers."

"It's a d—d lie!"

But Kennedy had him, locked in a
visceral grip. It was well he had, for
the fellow had burst into a frantic
rage, yet was bound so utterly helpless
as to appear almost pitiful. The
knowledge of what he had planned, of
his despicable treachery, left us mer-
ciless. In spite of his struggles we
bore him to the floor, and pinned him
there, cursing and snapping like a
wild beast."Tear up one of those blankets," I
called back over my shoulder to Hall.

I called back over my shoulder to Hall.

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"Yes, into strips, of course; now bring
them here. Tim, you lie the fellow—
yes, do a good job; I'll hold him. Lie
still, Kirby, or I shall have to give you
the butt of this gun in the face."He made one last effort to break
free, and, as my hand attempted to
close on his throat, the clutching fin-
gers caught the band of his shirt, and
ripped it wide open. There, directly
before me, a scar across his hairy, ex-
posed chest, was a broad, black mark,
a tribal totem. I stared down at it,
recognizing its significance."By Heaven, Tim, look at this!" I
cried. "He is an Indian himself—a
black Sac!"I do not know what delayed the
attack of the savages, unless they were
waiting for some signal which never
came. I passed from loophole to loop-
hole, thus assuring myself not only
that they still remained, but that the
cabin was completely surrounded, al-
though the manner in which the war-
riors had been distributed left the
great mass of them opposite the front.
The others evidently composed a in-
creased guard to prevent escape. No move-
ment I could observe indicated an im-
mediate assault; they rather appeared to
be awaiting something.Those I saw were all dismounted,
and had advanced toward the cabin as
closely as possible without coming
within the range of guns. They had
also sheltered themselves as far as
possible behind clumps of brush, or
ridges of rock, so that I found it dif-
ficult to estimate their number. Only
occasionally would a venturesome
warrior appear for a moment in the
open, as he glided stealthily from the
protection of one covert to another.No doubt some were brought within
range of our rifles, as these efforts
were usually made to more advanced
positions, but I forbade firing. In the
vague hope that, not hearing from
Kirby, the chiefs might become dis-
couraged and draw off without risking
an open attack.This was more a desperate hope,
rather than any real faith I possessed.
Beyond doubt the Indian chief knew,
or thought he knew, our exact strength
before he consented to use his war-
riors in this assault.If the hand had trailed us to this
spot, it had been done through the
influence of Kirby, and he had, beyond
question, informed them as to who
we were, and the conditions under
which we had fled from Yellow Banks.
The only addition to our party since
then was the rescued boy. They would
have little fear of serious loss in an
attack upon two men, and two women,
unarmed, except possibly with a pistol
or two, even though barricaded be-
hind the log walls of a cabin. And,
with one of their number within, any
attempt at defense would be but a
farce. This same gang had already
sacked the cabin, taking with them, as
they believed, every weapon it con-
tained. In their haste they had over-
looked the cellar below. They had no
thought of its existence, nor that we
awaited their rifles in hand and with
an ample supply of powder and lead.Whatever might be the final result, a
surprise of no pleasant nature was
awaiting their advance.Convinced, as I had become, that
Black Hawk was actually with the
party, although I was unable to obtain
any glimpse of him, I felt there was
small chance of his departure, without
making at least one effort to capture
the cabin. That was his nature, his
reputation—that of a building to hang
on, a tiger to strike. More, even, this
band of raiders must be far south of
the main body of the Hawk's follow-
ers, and hence in danger themselves.
They would never remain here long,
facing the possibility of discovery, of
having their retreat cut off. If they
attempted the attempt would not be
long delayed.Still there was nothing left to do
but wait. We were already as com-
pletely prepared as possible with our
resources.The main assault would undoubtedly
be delivered from the front, directed
against the door, the only point where
they could hope to break in. Here
Tim and myself held our positions, as
ready as we could be for any emer-
gency, and watchful of the slightest
movement without. Tim had even
brought up the half-keg of coarse pow-
der from the cellar, and rolled it into
one corner out of the way. His only
explanation was, a grim reply to my
question, that "it might be mighty
handy ter hav' round afore the fracas
was done."There was no fear in
Eloise, no shrinking, no evidence of
cowardice. Not once did I feel the
need of giving her word of encour-
agement—even as I glanced toward
her just to perceive the gleam of a
pistol gripped in her hand. She was
of the old French fighting stock,
which never fails.Against the log wall a few yards
away, Kirby strained at his blanket
bands, and had at last succeeded in
lifting himself up far enough so as
to stare about the room. There was
none of the ordinary calm of the
gambler about the fellow now—all the
pitiless, hate, and love of revenge
which belonged to his wild Indian
blood blazed in his eyes. He glared
at me in sudden, impotent rage."You think you've got me, do you?"
he cried, scowling across; then an ugly
grim distorted his thin lips. "Not yet
you haven't, you soldier dog. I've got
some cards left to play in this game,
you young fool. What did you dunt
in for anyway? This was none of your
affair. D—you, Knox, do you know
who she is? I mean that white-faced
chit over there—do you know who
she is? She's my wife; do you hear?"—my wife! I've got the papers, d—
you! She's mine!—mine; and I am
going to have her long after you're
dead—yes, and the whole d—Beau-
caire property with her. By G—I you
talk about fighting—why there are fifty
Indians out here. Wait till they find
out what has happened to me. Oh,
I'll watch you die at the stake, you
snaking white cur, and spit in your
face!""Kirby," I said sternly, but quietly,
stepping directly across toward him.
"You are a prisoner, and helpless, butI am going to tell you now to hold
your tongue. Otherwise you will never
see me at the stake, because I shall
blow your brains out where you lie."

"You dare not do—"

"And why not? It will rid the girl of
you, and that means something to me
—and her. Just try me, and see."He must have read the grim mean-
ing in my face, for he fell back against
the log, muttering incoherently, his
dark eyes wells of hate, his face a
picture of malignancy, but utterly
helpless—the lurking coward in him,
unable to face my threat. I left him
and stooped above her."We shall be busy presently; the de-
lay cannot be much longer. I am
afraid that fellow may succeed some-
how in doing us harm. He is crazed
enough to attempt anything. May I
trust you to guard him?"Her eyes, absolutely fearless and di-
rect, looked straight up into mine."Yes, he will make no movement I
shall not see. Tell me; do you believe
there is hope?""God knows. We shall do our best.
If the worst comes—what?""Do not fear for me; do not let any
memory of me turn you aside from
your work," she said quietly. "I know
what you mean and pledge you I shall
never fall into his hands. It—it can-
not be wrong, I am sure, and—and I
must tell you that. I—I could not,
Steven, for—for I love you."My eager hands were upon hers, my
eyes greedily reading the message re-
vealed so frankly in the depths of her
own. She only was to my thoughts;
we were there alone—alone."They're a comin', Cap," yelled Ken-
nedy and his rifle cracked. "By G—I
they're here!"With one swift spring I was back at
my deserted post and firing. Never
before had I been in an Indian battle,
but they had told me at Armstrong
that the Sacs were fighting men. I
knew it now. This was to be no play
at war but a grim, relentless struggle.
They came on in mass, rushing reck-
lessly forward across the open space,
pressing upon each other in headlong
desire to be first, yelling like fiends,
guns brandished in air, or splitting fire,
animated by but one purpose—the
battering of a way into that cabin. I
knew not who led them—all I saw
was a mass of half-naked bodies
bounding toward me, long hair stream-
ing, copper faces aglow, weapons glit-
tering in the light. Yes, I saw more—
the meaning of that fierce rush; the
instrument of destruction they brought
with them. It was there in the center
of the mainstrom of leaping figures,
protected by the grouped bodies, half
hidden by gesticulating red arms—a
huge log, borne irresistibly forward
on the shoulders of twenty warriors,
gripped by other hands, and hurled
toward us as though swept on by a
human sea. Again and again I heard
blindly into the yelling mob; I heard
the crack of Tim's rifle echoing mine,
and the chug of lead from without
striking the solid logs. Bullets
ploughed crashing through the door
panels and Eloise's shrill screams of
fright rang out above the unearthly
din. A slug tore through my loophole,
drawing blood from my shoulder in
its passage, and imbedded itself in the
opposite wall. In front of me savages
fell, staggering, screams of anger and
anguish mingling as the astonished as-
sailants realized the fight before them.
An instant we held them, startled,
and demoralized. The warriors bear-
ing the log stumbled over a dead body
and went down, the great timber
crushing out another life as it fell.
Again we fired, this time straight into

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience Against Experiment.

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I am going to tell you now to hold your tongue. Otherwise you will never see me at the stake, because I shall blow your brains out where you lie."

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"And why not? It will rid the girl of you, and that means something to me—and her. Just try me, and see."

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"Yes, he will make no movement I shall not see. Tell me; do you believe there is hope?"

"God knows. We shall do our best. If the worst comes—what?"

"Do not fear for me; do not let any memory of me turn you aside from your work," she said quietly. "I know what you mean and pledge you I shall never fall into his hands. It—it cannot be wrong, I am sure, and—and I must tell you that. I—I could not, Steven, for—for I love you."

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their faces—but there was no stopping them. A red blanket flashed back beyond the big tree; a guttural voice shouted, its hoarse note rising above the hellish uproar, and those demons were on their feet again, filled with new frenzy. It was a minute—no more. With a blow that shook the cabin, propelled by twenty strong arms, the great tree butt struck, splintering the oak wood as though it were so much pine, and driving a jagged hole clear through one panel. Kennedy was there, blazing away directly into the assailants' eyes, and I joined him.

Again they struck, and again, the jagged end of their battering ram protruded through the shattered wood. We killed, but they were too many. Once more the great butt came crashing forward, this time caving in the entire door, bursting it back upon its hinges. In through the opening the red mob hurried itself, reckless of death or wounds, mad with the thirst for victory; a jam of naked heasts, crazed by the smell of blood—a wave of slaughter, crested with brandished guns and gleam of tomahawks.

There is nothing to remember—nothing but blows, curses, yells, the crunch of steel on flesh, the horror of cruel eyes glowering into yours, the clutching of fingers at your throat, the spit of fire singeing you, the strain of combat hand to hand—the knowledge that it is all over, except to die. I had no sense of fear; no thought but to kill and be killed. I felt within me strength—desperate, insane strength. The rifle butt splintered in my hands, but the bent and shapeless barrel rose and fell like a flail. I saw it crush against skulls; I jabbed it straight into red faces; I brought it down with all my force on clutching arms. For an instant Tim was beside me. He had lost his gun and was fighting with a knife. It was only a glimpse I had of him through red mist—the next instant he was gone. A huge fellow

faced me, a Winnebago, I knew, from his shaven head. I struck him once, laying open his cheek to the bone; then he broke through and gripped me.

The rest is what—a dream; a delirium fever? I know not; it comes to me in flashes of mad memory. I was struck again and again, stabbed, and flung to the floor. Maccosted feet trod on me, and some fiend gripped my hair, bending my head back across a dead body, until I felt the neck crack. Above me were naked legs and arms, a pandemonium of dancing figures, a horrible chorus of maddened yells. I

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NEWPORT, R. I.

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Saturday, October 18, 1919

Senator Smoot says he has been informed that the entire Hawaiian sugar crop of about 600,000 tons has been purchased by Japanese interests. Senator Sherman stated that 27,000,000 pounds of sugar originally purchased for the army was to be sold abroad.

The mysterious "Mr. Smith," who has given \$7,000,000 to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has agreed to reveal his name—with a gift of \$4,000,000—if another \$4,000,000 has been raised for the institution's endowment fund before January 1, 1920.

General Leonard Wood could obtain no assignment during the war calculated to add to the good reputation and rank which he won in the Spanish War, but the War Department generously permits him to handle the serious situations in the Middle West which may offer many opportunities for gaining the ill will of certain classes that the politicians never forget have votes.—Prov. Bulletin.

Every move the powers that be make to belittle or embarrass Gen. Wood only adds to his popularity. A few more attempts of the kind will make him President.

There is a bill now before the United States Senate, having been favorably reported by the committee on Commerce, to equalize the pay and allowances of commissioned officers, warrant officers and enlisted men of the Coast Guard with those of the Navy. This bill is of vital importance to the men of the Coast Guard, who have long been underpaid and who have not been given many privileges granted to the naval men. The United States Coast Guard has long been a branch of the service in which great honor might be obtained, but which was grossly underpaid. The men have always ventured their lives without thought of themselves when there was need for their services, and many of them have freely given their lives in an effort to rescue others. It is high time that the United States Government took recognition of their services by granting them the little that they ask.

The labor situation throughout the country seems to be growing worse instead of better. The longshoremen of New York openly defy their own leaders and the authority of the American Federation of Labor and insist upon taking matters into their own hands. When the Federation of Labor officials cannot hold their own men in check the ordinary observer naturally figures that the situation is growing acute. And all is not smooth sailing at Washington. The representatives of the public are endeavoring to steer the industrial conference in a safe middle course, but labor representatives are pushing the steel strike to the fore and threatening to "bolt" the conference if that is not adjusted. Meantime the coal strike is looming on the horizon. It is claimed that 220,000 men in New York are already out on strikes.

THE BUDGET SYSTEM

Sentiment in favor of business government is growing. The so-called budget system bill is now unanimously reported in Congress by a committee representing leaders of both parties. This could not have happened a few years ago, when the politicians insisted on a free hand in the treasury. But they feel the popular pressure for systematic methods of handling the vast government revenue. No doubt they see themselves how the money has dribbled away under the old methods.

The bill proposes to create a new bureau of the budget with a director at a salary of \$10,000. If they could get a first class man who would handle the government business as a corporation's business could be handled, they could well afford to pay him \$100,000. He could save 100 times that money. However, if mere politicians are to be appointed to this office, \$10,000 is too much.

Public sentiment will compel the appointment of fairly competent men at the head of the bureau. Some opposition to the measure is reported from Congressional committees whose power to recommend appropriations is taken away.

That is typical of the attitude many Congressmen have always taken upon public questions. They cherish their power very jealously. But no business corporation could long survive, if it had half a dozen boards of directors with such power of recommendation that their sanction practically carried an appropriation. In the business world power and responsibility have to be concentrated to get results. It is the same in administering government, whether of the nation, or a state, or a municipality. The voters must be able to locate responsibility exactly, and know just who is to blame when things go wrong.

DEMOCRATIC TENDENCIES

In Massachusetts where a hot fight is pending over the election of governor, and in which the Boston police strike is to be the leading issue, a clear view is given of the latest tendencies of the Democratic party.

The Democratic platform was a most miserable evasion of the fundamental issue. It mildly condemned the striking policemen, saying "we do not condone the action of the policemen who left their post of duty." Then it turned with its full wrath on Governor Coolidge and Police Commissioner Curtis, who with superb courage had defied the forces of disorder, and it attacked them for "breach of faith," "deceit," "arrogance," "inaction," and "culpability."

It is generally interpreted in that State that if the Democratic ticket succeeds, the policemen who deserted their posts and left the city open to the attacks of a mob of looters, will be reinstated in their office.

The Democratic party mildly condemns the policemen for their act, and then proposes to reward them for it by taking them back at increased pay. That will be an invitation to every police force in the country to go on strike. That is the beginning of soviet government. Police forces should no more let themselves up with one party to industrial disputes, than judges should join employers' associations.

The Democrats are fearful of alienating the support of law and order, but they are anxious to get the votes of all who believe in soviet government, or who want the police to owe allegiance to organizations representing private interests. This is ominous as to the attitude of the national Democratic party next year toward lawlessness and sovietism. It will be "good Lord, good devil."

FOR "OPEN SHOP" POLICY

Washington, Oct. 17. That the "closed shop" is un-American, is the assertion of the Republican Publicity Association in the following statement:

"The crux of the demands of the labor group as presented to the labor-capital conference may be summarized as follows: 'The right of wage earners to bargain collectively, through unions, represented by agents of their own choosing.' It is a one-sided proposition. It speaks of the 'right' of wage-earners to bargain in a certain way but assumes that there shall be no right to bargain in any other way. What the unions desire is not the right, but the power, to bargain collectively and, under the form of bargaining collectively, to dictate terms to employers. Their object is not bargaining, but dictation.

"The only truly American policy—the only truly American policy—is for wage earners to bargain collectively or individually as they may prefer and as they may be able to bargain with employers. Whenever an employee is compelled to participate in collective bargaining against his will, his 'right' has been taken from him and he is no longer a free man. He becomes a subject of the union and its agents, no longer free to take employment when he so desires. Whenever an employer is denied the right to bargain individually with his employees, his 'right' has been taken from him, also, and he becomes a subject of the union and its agents.

"The demand of the labor unions, assuming to speak for all wage earners, although authorized to speak for relatively few, is an attempt to overthrow the first principle for which our forefathers fought the American revolution—the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. With the demand of the labor union granted, the word 'liberty' would scarcely have a place in our vocabulary. Popular government would be practically set aside and in its place would be set up a government of, for and by the labor unions—an autocratic government granting to the rest of the people only so much life, liberty and happiness as might be necessary to prevent revolt. With the hand of the labor union in control of transportation, in command of steel production, in supervision of coal production, and probably dominant in the police service of cities, there would be no recognized rights of farmers, cattle growers, sheep men, horticulturists, dairymen, gardeners, merchants, manufacturers, mine owners, etc. The proposal is the setting up of a government by class with defiance of rights of all not members of that class.

"Wage earners have the right today to bargain collectively if they wish. They also have the right to bargain individually. They are in the full enjoyment of unimpairing liberty of action. Forced bargaining through a labor union is not maintenance of liberty. It is the destruction of liberty. Forced subjection to the mandates of a walking delegate is not liberty—it is serfdom. Forced membership in a union as a prerequisite to employment is not liberty—it is the very reverse.

"It is the plan and practice of labor unions to limit production and to establish a standard of speed with consideration for the least efficient rather than the most efficient. That policy and practice has resulted in under-production and has aided materially in bringing about the present excessive cost of living. That practice contravenes sound public policy and is unjust to the great majority of people who depend for success upon their own individual industry, enterprise and thrift. Forced collective bargaining would be a wrong, not a right. To speak of it as a 'right' is a perversion of language. Freedom to bargain, either individually or collectively, is the only truly American policy, conducive to progress and promotive of the public welfare."

Taboo.

When anything is forbidden, or its exclusion is ordered, English-speaking people sometimes say it is "taboo." The word is derived from a custom once common in Polynesia and New Zealand. It signifies something set apart or prohibited because of its being either sacred or accursed. The system originated in a superstitious dread of the invisibly powers of evil.

CHANGES IN THE MARRIAGE SERVICE

The Triennial Episcopal Convention at Detroit has been considering changes in the marriage service of the Episcopal Church, a form that is widely popular even among people who are not Episcopalians. It is a ritual that has endeared itself to many generations by the beauty and expressiveness of its language. The most significant change proposed has been to strike out the word "obey" from the woman's vow.

There are just as many men who obey their wives as women who obey their husbands. Comparatively few women assent to these words without mental reservations that alter the whole significance.

The word "obey" was placed in the vow at a time when woman was a subordinate creature. In those days the man was the lord and master. He issued his commands, and the woman unless of exceptional mental force, did not question them. But the position of women has been revolutionized in the past century.

German women still retain a lower place, but in the free countries, women are on a level with men. As a rule they have a better education than men, they read and reflect more, and they are in a position to take their own part. If they cannot use physical force, they have other weapons that they can and do use with even greater effect.

It seems too bad, then, to keep in a beautiful ceremonial a word that represents the thought and customs of a previous age. The need for it has gone. In the old days when the men had to take the responsibility of government, it may have seemed necessary that they should have the right to exact obedience.

But when the responsibility is shared, the power to command naturally disappears. The men are no more fitted to govern the women, than the women to govern the men.

Monkey-Faced Owl Lives in Scrap Iron

El Paso, Tex.—A "monkey-faced" owl, one of the rarest of birds in this section of the country, was captured by employees of the Darbyshire-Harvie Foundry company. The bird was found hiding in a pile of scrap iron. It was given to the city zoo at Washington park. City Timekeeper Robert Smith took charge of the bird at the foundry and delivered it to the zoo at Washington park.

FIND CENTURIES OLD IMAGES

Bared in Government Probe to Solve Mexican Pyramid Mystery.

Mexico City.—Investigations by the government to find out who built the great pyramids at San Juan Teotihuacan, 27 miles from Mexico City, have brought to light two great granite heads of the ancient Mexican god of the air, Quetzalcoatl.

These heads are almost perfect specimens, bearing all the symbolic markings.

The long disputed point as to who erected the pyramids is, as yet, unsolved. These huge mounds, one to the sun and the other to the moon, the former being 781 by 721 feet at the base and 216 feet high, are generally attributed to a tribe that preceded the Toltecs, probably dating from about the sixth century.

India Again Importing.

All restrictions on the importation into India of any American manufactures or products, with the exception of gold and silver coin or bullion and cocaine, have been removed. Importation of cocaine and allied drugs is forbidden at all times except under a license granted by the chief customs officer at the place of import. The importation of gold and silver coin and bullion is restricted in that the government of India reserves the right to purchase all importations of same.

"Indian Summer."

According to William Henry Pyffe's 5,000 facts, Indian summer is the early part of November. The name was derived not from the state of weather, but from the fact the weather being mild and balmy the Indians used that period to harvest their corn, and it lasted nine days and came just before winter set in. This season corresponds to the days known as "St. Martin's summer" in England and the Mediterranean countries, although this season in the mentioned countries comes in the fall just before our Indian summer.

Chewing Gum.

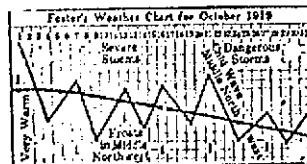
The principal ingredient of chewing gum is chicle, an elastic gum produced by the bolly-tree, nasberry or sapodillo, native of South and Central America.

Evil.

If evil is inevitable, how are the wicked accountable? Nay, why do we call men wicked at all? Evil is inevitable, but it is also remediable.—Horne Mann.

Heard in Cambridge.

Foreman (calling up from curb)—"Hill, Mulligan will yez step to the 'shillin' tube; O! want to tell yez t' come down.—Boston Evening Transcript.



WEATHER BULLETIN

Washington, D. C., Oct. 18, 1919.

Warm waves will reach Vancouver about Oct. 18, 24 and 25 and temperatures will rise on all the Pacific slopes. They will cross crest of Rockies by close of 19, 25 and 29; plains sections 20, 26 and 30; meridian 90, great lakes, middle Gulf States and Ohio-Tennessee valleys 21, 27 and 31; eastern sections 22, 28 and Nov. 1, reaching vicinity of Newfoundland about Oct. 23, 29 and Nov. 2. Storm waves will follow about one day behind warm waves and cold waves, about one day behind storm waves.

These storm disturbances will control weather events on this continent from about Oct. 18 to Nov. 2, except that a tropical hurricane is probable in the Caribbean Sea during that period. These hurricanes sometimes break up the storm movements on the continent, interfering with their dates. They sometimes invert a warm wave on the continent, turning it into a cold wave. This is one of the great difficulties I have to deal with. It can be, should be, and will be remedied as soon as I can get the means to employ sufficient force.

I expect a severe cold wave in the middle northwest during the week centering on Oct. 25. Preceding this cold wave dangerous storms are expected in the great central valleys. But if a hurricane appears in the Caribbean Sea the central valley storms will be weakened or broken up and in their place the cold wave is expected to largely increase rainfall. If the hurricane organizes the increased rainfall will be in the cotton states. But if no hurricane appears, the increased rain will be in the great central valleys of the middle northwest.

West of Rockies crest rainfall will not increase as much as it usually does in the Fall season. Frosts are expected to touch the northern borders of the cotton belt following these severe storms. In a general way cropweather will be favorable to winter grain, but some parts of the Southern States will probably get more rain than will be good for the top growth and cotton picking.

These weather conditions and nervous world politics are liable to have extreme effects on produce markets. Sometimes they cannot be seen far in advance. Being located at the world's greatest center, I can sometimes see a few days in advance that the markets of farm products will be seriously affected. Sometimes I can and do get these important events to my readers thru these Bulletins; at other times the events reach me too late to get them into the Bulletins.

Subscribers to this paper can arrange with me to get such important information direct from my office by telegraph; or business managers can arrange with me to send the advice direct to their paper for publication. Of course there will be some expense to this method of advice, but my experience is that such advice is often valuable. At every opportunity the profiteer takes advantage of the producers and, in this case, eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

If General Leonard Wood goes on putting a stop to violence—as he did at Omaha and Gary—somebody in authority may discover that he is attracting too much attention and suggest that he be removed to some department calling for less efficient activity.—New York Herald.

It is estimated that 170,000 men connected with A. F. of L. are on strike in New York City alone in addition to 50,000 unorganized workers. 50,000 non-strikers are idle because of the strikes.

Cruise Overlooked a Bit.

That Robinson Crusoe, in spite of his well known resourcefulness, overlooked a fine business opportunity is shown by the fact that the island of Juan Fernandez group off the coast of Chile, is now the seat of a large lobster-canning industry. Crusoe seemed to think he was doing remarkably well to pick up the necessities of life on that island—and most of them were washed ashore from a wreck at that—but its modern inhabitants do a rushing business in the export of luxuries.

Easily Arranged.

A woman invited Ed to come and see her. He asked if she had a little boy to play with him, and she said no. He then asked if she would like to have a little boy, and when she said yes Ed replied: "My mamma will tell stork that brought me to law to bring you a little boy."

Weekly Almanac, OCTOBER, 1919

STANDARD TIME.											
Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs
15 Sat	20 Sun	21 Mon	22 Tues	23 Wed	24 Thurs	25 Fri	30 Sat	31 Sun	1 Nov	2 Nov	3 Nov
16 Sun	21 Mon	22 Tues	23 Wed	24 Thurs	25 Fri	26 Sat	31 Sun	1 Nov	2 Nov	3 Nov	4 Nov
17 Mon	22 Tues	23 Wed	24 Thurs	25 Fri	26 Sat	27 Sun	1 Nov	2 Nov	3 Nov	4 Nov	5 Nov
18 Tues	23 Wed	24 Thurs	25 Fri	26 Sat	27 Sun	28 Mon	1 Nov	2 Nov	3 Nov	4 Nov	5 Nov
19 Wed	24 Thurs	25 Fri	26 Sat	27 Sun	28 Mon	29 Tues	1 Nov	2 Nov	3 Nov	4 Nov	5 Nov
20 Thurs	25 Fri	26 Sat	27 Sun	28 Mon	29 Tues	30 Wed	1 Nov	2 Nov	3 Nov	4 Nov	5 Nov
21 Fri	26 Sat	27 Sun	28 Mon	29 Tues	30 Wed	31 Thurs	1 Nov	2 Nov	3 Nov	4 Nov	5 Nov
22 Sat	27 Sun	28 Mon	29 Tues	30 Wed	31 Thurs	1 Nov	2 Nov	3 Nov	4 Nov	5 Nov	6 Nov
23 Sun	28 Mon	29 Tues	30 Wed	31 Thurs	1 Nov	2 Nov	3 Nov	4 Nov	5 Nov	6 Nov	7 Nov
24 Mon	29 Tues	30 Wed	31 Thurs	1 Nov	2 Nov	3 Nov	4 Nov	5 Nov	6 Nov	7 Nov	8 Nov
25 Tues	30 Wed	31 Thurs	1 Nov	2 Nov	3 Nov	4 Nov	5 Nov	6 Nov	7 Nov	8 Nov	9 Nov
26 Wed	31 Thurs	1 Nov	2 Nov	3 Nov	4 Nov	5 Nov	6 Nov	7 Nov	8 Nov	9 Nov	10 Nov
27 Thurs	1 Nov	2 Nov	3 Nov	4 Nov	5 Nov	6 Nov	7 Nov	8 Nov	9 Nov	10 Nov	11 Nov
28 Fri	2 Nov	3 Nov	4 Nov	5 Nov	6 Nov	7 Nov	8 Nov	9 Nov	10 Nov	11 Nov	12 Nov
29 Sat	3 Nov	4 Nov	5 Nov	6 Nov	7 Nov	8 Nov	9 Nov	10 Nov	11 Nov	12 Nov	13 Nov
30 Sun	4 Nov	5 Nov	6 Nov	7 Nov	8 Nov	9 Nov	10 Nov	11 Nov	12 Nov	13 Nov	14 Nov
31 Mon	5 Nov	6 Nov	7 Nov	8 Nov	9 Nov	10 Nov	11 Nov	12 Nov	13 Nov	14 Nov	15 Nov

Marriages

In this city, 11th inst., at the Parsonage of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, by Rev. F. W. Coleman, Ella McNeill Sturkey and George L. Murdock.

Deaths.

In this city, 11th inst., at his residence 15 Calvert street, Eugene S. O'Connell.

In this city, 15th inst., Timothy C. O'Sullivan.

In this city, 15th inst., Lucy M. Babcock, in her 60th year.

At the Newport Hospital, Wednesday, 15th inst., John P. Sherman.

In this city, 16th inst., William E. Mumford, in his 62d year.

Suddenly, at Fall River, Mass., 13th inst., Robert G. E. of the late George H. and Annie James.

NEW ENGLAND NEWS IN TABLOID FORM

Items of Interest From All Sections of Yankee Land

Ability of fish and game commissioners to recognize female lobsters planted by the government has resulted in imposition of a fine of \$25 on Costa Gouhard, a lobster fisherman of Boston.

Maj.-Gen. Clarence R. Edwards, commander of the Northeastern Department, has purchased the picturesque Dalney estate in Westwood for his home. The property consists of between 33 and 35 acres.

Several train loads of potatoes for Havana left Boston in the United Fruit Co's steamship Limon, which also carried the complete machinery installation for a sugar mill in Cuba; also many tons of dry and pickled fish, shoes, malt and lumber.

When A. L. Jordan of Scarborough, Me., was arraigned in the municipal court at Portland on the charge of having 13 short lobsters in his possession, he was found guilty of having only one under the legal length, and was fined \$1. According to W. A. Hicker, the warden who made the arrest, this lobster was only one hundredth of an inch under the legal size.

Arthur Garfield (Honey) Hazard, the negro farm hand, who figured in a sensational love tangle with Miss Mabel Puffer, a wealthy heiress of Ayer, on whose estate he worked, has filed suit for \$15,000 damages in the Superior Court against Chief of Police Patrick J. Deady of Ayer and four others whom he claims falsely and maliciously prosecuted him in the case.

The committee on police of the Newburyport city council has agreed on a scale of pay for the members of the force and this has been accepted by the council, to become effective Dec. 18, when the new fiscal year starts. To provide for a time when the new scale might be deemed excessive it was decided to grant a bonus on each salary instead of making a lump increase.

The destroyer Jacob Jones exceeded her contract speed of 35 knots an hour on her standardization run on the Rockland, Me., course, when she made a mile at the rate of 30.85 knots. The average for five high speed runs was 35.36 knots. The contract requirement of 400 propeller revolutions a minute was exceeded with 450 revolutions. The boilers generated 26,000 horsepower.

Bishop James DeWolf Peary, of the Episcopal diocese of Rhode Island, has failed in his attempt to have Sec. Daniels of the navy publicly apologize for charges recently brought by the latter's moral reputation, and thus the matter, which has stirred church circles in Newport, was carried to the Episcopal convention in Detroit.

Hunters will not be permitted to kill partridges this year in Massachusetts. In giving its reasons for this prohibition, the board of commissioners on fisheries and game say there are fewer of the birds in this state than ever before, due largely to the death of thousands of fledglings last spring, when the season was unusually cold and wet. A fine of \$20 will follow the conviction of any one violating the fish and game law as it applies to the bird. Already the deputies of the board are getting busy, as is intimated by the imposition of the fine upon a resident of Randolph.

The case of greatest interest before the supreme court at Montpelier, Vt., is that of Bert E. Kelsie, a murderer, whose appeal, which was not granted, was before the court on exceptions. He was tried in the Orleans county court at Newport last May and found guilty of the wilful murder of a fellow workman, James Allen.

At the request of Gen. John B. Sherburne, chairman of the Massachusetts Committee on the Necessities of Life, Senator Lodge made a strong representation to the railroad administration to provide additional rail facilities for the movement of coal to New England. According to Gen. Sherburne the movement of coal to the northeastern states by barges has been seriously retarded by the strike of marine engineers.

An unidentified man and a horse, upon which it is thought he was riding, were killed on the Hopkinton Road, near St. Paul's school, when they were struck by an automobile belonging to Robert Barry of Hopkinton, and driven by Harry Raycroft, a chauffeur, in an unusual accident due to the presence of a heavy fog, which made it impossible for the driver of the car to see the man on horseback until an instant before striking him.

Baltimore contractors have been awarded a contract for the construction of a 10,000-ton wooden dry dock for the Fore River Shipbuilding Co. of Quincy, Mass. It is estimated that this dock will cost over \$1,000,000. The dock will be built at the Solomon Island, Md., plants of the contracting company. When finished the dock will be towed to the Quincy plant and will be able to accommodate ships up to 10,000 tons dead weight.

A registered vessel was sighted by the United Fruit Co's steamship San Jose, in the Gulf stream while bound from Port Lincoln to Boston, but it was deemed unwise to approach it, the hull closely owing to possible danger of encountering submerged spar. It was evident, however, that no one remained aboard. Officers of the steamship express the opinion that the craft was overturned during a recent hurricane while off the coast of Cuba.

Participation of the public in the financing and possibly in the ownership of street railroads is the only policy which will bring a restoration of credit and satisfactory conditions in the industry, Honor Loring, chairman of the trustee board of the Bay State company of Boston, told the federal electric railways commission. The witness asserted that rising costs of materials and labor had ruined the financial standing of operating companies.

Drunkenness is steadily increasing in Boston in spite of wartime prohibition and scenes in the Municipal Court and in the Tombs smack strongly of those which used to be enacted there prior to July 1. Many of the old-timers, both men and women, are back again. Most of the cases are not "Jakey" drunks, but the result of indulgence in real, old-fashioned whiskey. Some of these people state that they have paid as high as \$12 and even \$15 a quart for the whiskey.

The anti-prohibitionists scored a theoretical knockout over the drys in Connecticut when nine towns voted for license in the "little town elections." Because of war-time prohibition and the coming national prohibition by constitutional amendment only 11 towns voted on the question today, against the usual number of 50 or 60 in previous years. Of the 11 towns voting 10 were listed in the no-license column, while one was "wet." All but two of the no-license towns swung over to license, while the one "wet" town voting stayed in the same column.

At a meeting of the Stamford, Ct., Minister's League a committee was appointed to take steps to have the Connecticut marriage law amended, if possible, to provide that the residence of both parties be stated in the application for license; that at least two witnesses be required for a marriage ceremony; that, if either party has been divorced, a certified copy of the decree be produced when the license is issued, and that the marriage ceremony itself constitute the marriage. The league voted confidence in the Rev. Dr. Clarence Hill Frank, its president, who performed the Lane-Herch marriage on April 4, 1919.

The rights of an employee injured under the Massachusetts workmen's compensation law should be fully conserved and all defects in the law ought to be remedied, according to recommendations of the Industrial Accident Board in its report to the legislature. Other noteworthy recommendations include one for compensation to children of a deceased employee. The board takes cognizance of the high cost of burial by advocating that the burial allowance be raised from \$100 to \$200. Recommendation also is made that the limit of "not over 500 weeks" during which compensation is paid be removed, but the maximum sum of \$1000 be unchanged.

Princess Teeweewema, direct descendant of Massasoit, friend of the white man, is dead at her home at Middleboro, Mass., at the age of 85 years. She came peacefully to the little cottage on the shores of Lake Assawampsett, where her forefathers once reined, and where she spent her declining years, accompanied by her sister, Princess Wootekamuske. Teeweewema, who was better known as Melinda Milder, had lived for years on the site known as Betty's Neck, originally deeded to Massasoit.

FRENCH PAY BIG INCOME TAX

Amount Raised in 1918 More Than \$142,400,000.

Paris.—The income tax in France amounted to 712,000,000 francs (approximately \$142,400,000), according to the report published in the Journal Officiel, an increase of more than 400,000,000 francs (\$80,000,000) over the preceding two years combined. Industrial and commercial profits amounted to 184,000,000 francs, or 26 per cent of the total, and on agricultural profits footed up 1,500,000,000 francs.

TEACHER SHORTAGE ACUTE

100,000 Positions Vacant or Filled Suba, Says Report.

Washington.—More than 100,000 positions in the public schools are either vacant or filled by teachers of low standard while attendance at normal schools has decreased 20 per cent since 1913, according to a report of the National Education association made public. This shortage of trained teachers is the greatest in the rural districts where salaries are low.

EXTRA LABOR BY DULL TOOL

Average Farmer Does Not Realize Tremendous Amount of Work He Is Making Himself.

Labor spent by the farmer in sharpening his tools and implements is a thousand per cent interest, declares Prof. H. H. Musselman of the Michigan agricultural college. The average farmer is inclined to go along with dull edges, little realizing the tremendous amount of extra labor he is doing himself.

PLAN IMMEDIATE LABOR TRUCE

Industrial Conference Urged to Start Arbitration of Nation-Wide Steel Strike.

DISCUSS COST OF LIVING

First Concrete Act of Conference is Appointment of Committee of Nine to Consider Reduction in Prices.

Washington.—An immediate industrial truce to continue three months; creation of an arbitration board by the president and congress, and immediate arbitration of the nation-wide steel strike, were among proposals to the industrial conference here. The first two were presented by representatives of the public, and the last by the labor group.

The first concrete act of the conference was the adoption of a motion by Charles I. Chadbourne, a representative of the public, that a committee of nine be appointed to investigate the high cost of living. The committee will be composed of three members of each group—capital, labor, and the public.

Bernard M. Baruch, chairman of the public group, made the proposal for the industrial truce, while Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor and chairman of the labor group, proposed arbitration of the steel strike. Mr. Gompers' plan contemplated immediate return of the steel strikers to work pending the outcome of efforts to arbitrate the dispute.

Gavin McNeib, of San Francisco, proposed a permanent arbitration board, his resolution, which had the approval of the public group, providing that all living ex-presidents be members.

Mr. Gompers' board for arbitration of the steel strike would be composed of six members, two to be appointed by each of the three groups in the conference—capital, labor and the public.

Mr. Gompers also presented a resolution embodying eleven fundamental principles, which, he emphasized, had the unanimous approval of the labor group, including the representatives of the four railroad brotherhoods.

The committee of fifteen will consider resolutions submitted.

The Labor Proposal.

The principles are:
Right of wage earners to organize.
Right of collective bargaining.
Right of wage earners to be represented by representatives of their own choosing in negotiations with employers.

Freedom of speech, of the press and of assembly.
Right of employers to organize and bargain collectively.

Maximum eight-hour day, with one day of rest in each week and with a half holiday on Saturday encouraged and overtime discouraged.

Payment of a living wage.
Women to receive the same pay as men for equal work.

Prohibition of labor for children under sixteen years of age.

To secure a greater share of consideration and co-operation to the workers in all matters affecting the industry in which they are engaged, a national conference board was proposed to provide for the systematic review of industrial relations and conditions, the board to consist of an equal number of representatives of employers and workers, having due regard to the various sections of industry and classes of workmen. Formation of these boards would be encouraged by the department of labor.

Prohibition of all immigration for at least two years after the declaration of peace, and at such times thereafter as there may be an abnormal condition of unemployment. At no time would immigration be permitted to exceed the nation's ability to Americanize the incoming foreigners.

TURKEY PLANS MAY CHANGE

Fall of Damad Ferid Considered a Triumph for Kemal.

Constantinople.—The new government is in constant telegraphic communication with Mustafa Kemal, who appears to have approved its composition. The fall of Damad Ferid Pasha is regarded as a triumph for Mustafa Kemal Pasha and the national organization. Thus may be involved a change of the government's attitude toward the demands of the entente authorities.

BANDITS ROB GAMBLERS

Got \$12,000 in Kenosha, But Two Are Captured.

Chicago.—Five Chicago automobile bandits lined up 140 men in Kenosha's biggest gambling house and robbed them of \$12,000 cash and \$2000 in jewelry and escaped. Then they raced for home in a high-powered car, but the police of Zion City, warned by phone, waylaid them in Sherburne road and after a running revolver half-hour battle captured two and recovered a small part of the money.

State Atty. P. M. Phelps of Fair Haven, Vt., is investigating the finding of a human skull by John Pagnieu while digging up ground about a hen coop at his home there. Further excavations failed to reveal more parts of a skeleton. The medical examiner, after viewing the skull, said it had not been in the ground more than three or four years.

FRANKLIN K. LANE



The industrial conference in Washington elected Franklin K. Lane, secretary of the interior, as president, and adopted rules governing the presentation of matters before the delegates.

COL. HOUSE HOME FROM PARIS IN BAD HEALTH

Says His Own Future "Depends on My Health."

New York.—Colonel Edward M. House, chief adviser to President Wilson and representative of the president in Paris for several months, returned from Europe on the transport Northern Pacific a sick man.

"This is the first day I have been without fever since I sailed," he said, when asked about the condition of his health. "It's not influenza. It's my old trouble—gravel. I want to get back to my home and get a good rest. I hope to go on to Washington in a week or so."

To a question regarding the status of the league of nations, Colonel House said:

"There is nothing to be said on that subject. Everything that could be said in that connection has been said. The thing to be done now is to begin work and try to steady and tranquillize the situation."

Rumors of a break between President Wilson and Colonel House and the latter's intention to sever his connection with diplomatic affairs were set at rest by the colonel's answer to a question regarding them. He smiled deprecatingly and said:

"That all depends upon my health. I intend to serve as long as I am physically able."

Despite his tired look, he was cheerful in manner when he was interviewed. He laughed outright when he was asked if he was going to advise President Wilson to turn over the affairs of the nation to the vice president.

"Do you know anything about President Wilson's real condition—anything more than has been given to the public?" was asked.

"Not a thing," he said. "All the information I have was contained in the bulletins issued by Dr. Grayson and wireless to the ship. Mrs. House and I were deeply concerned when we heard that the president was ill, but we knew no more than anybody else. Under the circumstances, lacking precise information, I cannot say anything of interest about that matter."

Colonel House went to Paris October 16, 1918, as special envoy of the president and was the president's chief adviser during the sessions of the conference. He suffered a severe attack of influenza in Paris and was confined to his hotel for several weeks.

WORLD NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

WASHINGTON.—The senate steel strike investigating committee concluded its hearings at Pittsburgh and returned to Washington.

NEW YORK.—A notable delegation of big business men from allied countries reaches here to attend the inter-allied trade conference at Atlantic City, October 20 to 25.

MADRID.—King Alfonso of Spain, in an interview, comments hopefully on the significance of South America is attaching to "rice day" and expresses hope for a fraternity of Spanish nations.

WASHINGTON.—Secretary of Labor Wilson in outlining the program for the international conference in Washington says that after the session has been convened there will be postponed unless the peace treaty has been ratified by a sufficient number of nations to carry out the provisions for the organization.

TOKIO.—Americans and Japanese in Siberia have reached a modus vivendi, and it is expected negotiations regarding the Trans-Siberian railway will be satisfactorily carried on.

WASHINGTON.—Congress enacted the prohibition enforcement bill.

The Boston Legal Aid Society, in a letter sent to Adj. Gen. Jesse F. Stevens, offers to the members of the State Guard the assistance of its entire staff for which no charge will be made. The society feels that many of the Guardsmen are suffering severe financial loss which may result in many cases being brought against them by creditors.

GEN. LEONARD WOOD



In Gary, Ind., where Major General Leonard Wood, commanding 1800 federal troops, has established "military control," government agents seized a quantity of radical literature in several raids, and a number of persons were taken before the Military authorities and questioned.

3490 U. S. AIRMEN PATROL MEXICAN LINE

Plan Calls For 12,088 Men In Flying Service.

Washington.—An air force of 300 officers and 3124 men will patrol the Mexican border in the near future, under war department plans, which have just been completed, for the organization and assignment of 12,088 officers and men to that branch of the service. The remaining 8968 members of the air service will be distributed over posts in the United States, the Philippines, the Hawaiian Islands and the Canal zone.

Malabar Field, Long Island, will receive a temporary assignment of 30 officers and 284 men, comprising the fifth observation squadron and the fourteenth photographic section and a suitable ground force. The observation squadron personnel of nineteen commissioned fliers and 182 enlisted men, and the photographic section, which is to be newly organized, will have one officer and twenty men.

The Philippines will maintain a force of 381 officers and men, made up of the first observation group headquarters, the second and third observation squadrons and the sixth photographic section. A group of the same size has been assigned to the Hawaiian Islands. The latter will be composed of the second observation group headquarters, the fourth and sixth observation squadrons and the eleventh photographic section.

The third observation group headquarters, the seventh observation squadron and the twelfth photographic section will go to the Panama Canal zone. The strength of these organizations will somewhat exceed that of the forces allotted to the Philippines and Hawaii, as it will consist of 250 pilots, observers, mechanics and other specialists that make an air unit complete.

The majority of the organizations that will be ordered to the border are to be stationed at Kelly Field, the remainder going to El Paso, McAllen, Laredo, Eagle Pass and other posts along the boundary line.

PITH OF THE VICTORY NEWS

President Wilson's illness is not delaying peace conference decision. The American delegation has definitely acted on every pending question except that of Fiume.

General Pettara, who is opposing the Bolsheviks in the Ukraine, gets all his supplies from the Germans, reported General Jadin, of the United States army, after a tour of investigation.

Representative Rainey, of Illinois, offers a resolution requiring the president to proclaim the demobilization of the army, which would automatically lift wartime prohibition.

The supreme council has accepted the German suggestion to send a mission to the Baltic provinces. A despatch from London to Stettin has ordered a blockade of the Baltic. British war ships have landed 50,000 Lettish troops on the flank of the German and Russian forces. The Lettish, who evacuated Riga, have blown up the bridges across the Duna and are holding the east bank with artillery.

Two presidential decrees and the state of war in France and Algeria. They became effective by publication in the official journal.

Because of soaring taxes which has placed Malden, Mass., as the city with the highest tax rate in the state the United Improvement Assn., composed of various civic organizations of the city, is arranging a mass meeting at which it is planned to take up the matter of having a city manager.

BALTIC BLOCKADE AS RIGA REPRISAL

British Cruisers Land 50,000 Letts to Attack German-Bolshevik Flank.

RAGE AT "HUNGER POLICY"

Ship Owners Wireless Fleets to Put Into Nearest Port in Order to Escape Seizure by Allied Warships.

Stettin, Germany.—Demands that German ships on the Baltic be recalled to their home ports and that all others be forbidden to leave were received by the German government in a telegram from London, according to the Abend Post of this city. The telegram is quoted as follows:

"Owing to the attack on Riga, free passage permits are provisionally withdrawn for all German ships in the Baltic. All ships in the Baltic must be recalled and no other ships must be permitted to put out to sea as long as this prohibition remains in force. Ships encountered in the Baltic are subject to seizure by the allies."

The newspaper says this telegram has been transmitted to the "authorities concerned" at German Baltic ports.

Blockade Creates Sensation.

Berlin.—No ships are being permitted to leave Kiel, according to the Vossische Zeitung, which adds that Stettin shipowners have sent wireless messages to vessels at sea to return immediately to Stettin or to go to the nearest port.

News of a blockade of the Baltic Sea has created a sensation in Danzig, where large cargoes of coal and herring were expected in the next few days.

Allies Demand Baltic Evacuation.

Paris.—The note of the allies to Germany concerning the Baltic situation declares that there are delays and ill-will in spite of the remonstrances of the allies in the evacuation of the Baltic provinces. It does not admit of the reasons put forth by Germany for the delay.

Then, saying that the situation in Lettland has been aggravated by the attacks of the German troops, the allies announce that it is their intention to keep up in their entirety the coercive measures announced September 27 as long as the evacuation is not continued to assist in the execution of these measures.

Letts Landed From Warships.

Copenhagen.—A dispatch from Berlin says 50,000 Letts have been landed at Libau from British warships and that they will attack the flank of Colonel Avaloff-Bernard's troops which took Riga.

Riga has suffered considerable damage from the bombardment of the German-Russian troops, especially in the district near the railroad. The enemy's attempts to cross the bridge, reports from Reval say, were repelled. Many civilians were killed or wounded by bombs dropped on the town.

A despatch from Stockholm says the authorities of the Lithuanian government left Riga from the Germano-Russian forces took the place, and are now at Rodenpole station. Estonian troops are engaged in the fighting east of the Duna river. According to an official statement issued by Estonian headquarters Riga has been bombarded by the attacking forces. Bridgeheads east of the river are still being held by Lettish troops, it is said.

Germans Expect Famine Reprisals.

London.—A wireless despatch from Berlin says Marshal Foch's reply to the German note regarding the evacuation of the Baltic provinces has reached the German capital.

A majority of the newspapers, the despatch adds, consider the measures Germany has taken will be regarded by the entente as inadequate, and express the fear that a "hunger policy" will be introduced to punish Germany for the developments in the Baltic.

CUTICURA HEALS ECZEMA

Suffered terribly for three months. In red rash on face and neck. When scratched, scaled and spread. Was restless and could not sleep, as itching and burning was beyond explanation. Saw Cuticura advertised and sent for a free sample. Bought more, and after using two cakes Soap and two boxes Ointment was healed.

From signed statement of Mrs. Chas. Reed, 2415 Thames St., Bristol, R. I.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

OCT. 18, 1919

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G. P. TAYLOR, Treas.

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If there were no other things to recommend it, the fact that "you couldn't if you would" burn as much coal in a Crawford as you'd have to in any other range, ought to make it easy to select the new Range.

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TRAVEL IN JAPAN

Hotel Customs Somewhat Embarrassing to Europeans.

Taking Bath in Public, in Water That Would Boil a Lobster, is, or Used to Be, in the Nature of Torture.

With the advent of the "modern hotel" in Japan the old inns, or rest-houses, have been to a large extent relegated to obscurity, but some still survive in parts where European travelers seldom penetrate. The kind of welcome accorded to visitors in one of the village inns is very far removed from western ideas of hospitality. Here is the interesting experience of a traveler as related in The Caterer and Hotelkeepers' Gazette:

"As soon as I arrived I was conducted by the polite hostess into the chief guestroom, which looked out upon the cool orchard of a temple.

"Cushions were brought in, and bright kimonos. I took off my dusty English clothes, and put on first the lower kimono, made of cotton; and then a gaudy silk one, bright with the colors of the hotel.

"The room, like all Japanese rooms, was bare except for a single decoration. There is always a special corner for the room's ornament, which is sometimes a vase of flowers, sometimes a piece of china, sometimes simply a painting upon silk or a woodcut. The subjects are not seldom such as bring a blush to the European cheek, but they have no such effect on the Japanese, who seem more concerned with the arrangement than the subject of the ornaments. There are strict rules for decoration; it is laid down, for example, that flowers of different colors should not be mixed in one vase.

"At length, because I was famishing, a low table and a brazier were brought in and set in front of me and my cushions.

"Every time I thought I had finished, the hostess or one of the maids would trip in with another tray of dishes and put them before me on the table. Had I not been able to use chopsticks before, I should certainly have become expert by the end of that meal.

"A little while after the meal—for it did end at last—I was told that the bath was ready. I was taken to the open courtyard and introduced to the arrangements there.

"Two huge barrels were sunk in the earth, one filled with hot, the other with cold water. There was a thin screen on two sides—not against prying eyes, but simply to keep off the wind. Indeed, as I began to take off my kimono an interested audience of both sexes turned to watch me. This was unpleasant, and I did my best to dodge their gaze behind the screen.

"I might have saved myself the trouble. A moment later, in reply to the calls of the landlady and his wife, their daughter came up hastily to bathe me, as her duty was. She was not in the least embarrassed—and I soon had other things to worry me, for when, at the young lady's direction, I let myself down into the hot tub I discovered that, in the usual Japanese fashion, the heat of the water in it was not less than 115 degrees Fahrenheit.

"Up to my neck in that hot bath I suffered exquisite torture, which turned to the most exquisite agony when I stepped on the still hotter bottle lying on the bottom of the tub. The landlady's daughter pulled me out, red as a lobster and very nearly boiled. She dropped me, more dead than alive, into the cold tub, pulled me out again, and dried me.

"Then she bowed politely, and left me to return to my room."

Husbands Are Hoping.

Recently an Irvington woman invited a few of her friends to play cards during the afternoon. There was a strong intimation that the highest score would be rewarded with a prize. That stimulated interest to a degree.

The women had visions of the ordinary prizes given for card proficiency. One of them thought of a nicely hemmed towel, another saw visions of a cut-glass tumbler, and still another dreamed of something else. There was but one table and as the hostess was barred the contest was wholly between the remaining three. Finally the games were over and the scores tabulated. Then the hostess came in with a big glass of currant jelly and presented it as the prize of the afternoon. She picked the currants in her own garden and had made the jelly herself.

There is hope in the hearts of some Irvington husbands that the fad of giving real food as prizes will grow. Then, if their wives are good enough bridge players there may be something to eat when husbands come home in the evening.—Indianapolis News.

No Jugo-Slav Race.

There is no such thing as a Jugo-Slav. There are Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, all of whom speak the same language, with variations, and are now of the same nationality. There is a religious question among Jugo-Slavs, which has, on occasion, been stressed by the intriguing imperialist politicians on the borders who have been anxious to prevent national unity, the Serbs being of the Greek, or Orthodox church, and the Croats and Slovenes of the Roman church. There are no more than 12,000,000 of them altogether, but the territory of the new nation is larger than that of Great Britain.

Good Man for A' That.

Thomas Jefferson, according to William M. Curtis, one of his biographers, was devoid of a sense of humor. Says the latter: "He rarely told a story and seldom enjoyed one, and witlings were wasted in his presence."

Champion Pugilist Puts \$1000 in T. S. Certificate



JACK DEMPSEY, CHAMPION PUGILIST, BUYS \$1000 SAVINGS CERTIFICATE AS A PRESENT FOR HIS MOTHER.

Jack Dempsey, pugilistic champion of the world, is proving himself as canny in the world of finance as he is in the realm of fistfights. The youth who whipped the hitherto invincible Willard on July 4, has placed \$1000 of the purse he received for his share in this memorial battle, in Treasury Savings Certificates. He has purchased a \$1000 Savings Certificate as a present for his mother.

Dempsey in placing his money in such safe securities as Treasury Savings Certificates has profited by

the mistakes of the champions of the past who, a few years after their retirement from the ring, were generally "dead broke."

Dempsey is husbanding his financial resources as carefully as he looks after his physical well being. Dempsey has no leanings toward the "get-rich-quick" schemes, and salve, oily-tongued peddlers of securities of doubtful value.

Dempsey knows that the little brown note, which note is the promise of Uncle Sam, January 1, 1924, to pay \$1000, is absolutely the best investment that he or any other man who has available funds to invest can make.

Dr. Crane Says

Thrift is simply the application of intelligence to expenditure.

It does not mean only saving. It does not connote skimping and penny-pinching, niggardliness and miserliness. That is often the most foolish kind of waste, waste of health, of spirits and of the joy of life.

Thrift means intelligent spending.

To spend a dollar now may save two dollars next month.

Thrift implies a budget. If you have no wise plan, it makes little difference how much you make. What is the use of forging ahead when you don't know your destination?

Some busy money-makers might sing with Mr. Dooley, "We don't know where we're going, but we're on our way."

Thrift implies foresight. It means we can see tomorrow as well as today.

It is the opposite of childlikeness. The child can grasp only what is before him. He cannot realize the future. He "wants what he wants when he wants it." If he had no older heads to think for him he would, like the grasshopper, dance all Summer and starve all Winter.

The savage eats when he finds meat. He gorges and sleeps, and between times starves. The civilized man lays up. In abundance he prepares against famine. He builds barns and warehouses.

Thrift implies self-control. We are masters of self, not slaves of self.

Thrift implies self-respect. We do not wish to become a burden upon others.

Hence we lay up something for our lean days.

FARMERS TODAY NO "MARKS" FOR THE BUNCO MEN

There was a day, years ago, when the farmer was considered inexperienced in matters of business and a "mark" for the bunco man. Editorial writers on city newspapers frequently published warnings to the farmer to beware of the gold brick salesman. And even now this idea about the farmer seems to prevail in some quarters.

Just why warnings should be addressed to farmers rather than to the residents of the metropolitan districts never has been made clear. The modern bunco man sticks to the city, for the most part. He gave up trying to gull the farmers years ago.

Many stocks are offered in exchange for Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps. It is obvious if many shares of stocks in a company can be bought for one Liberty Bond, there is an element of chance—a big element of chance—in the stock. There is no element of chance at all in Government securities. Stock salesmen are now touring the agricultural districts endeavoring to interest farmers in various companies upon such a basis.

We believe the farmers of America can be relied upon, however, to hold their government securities and be content, in the main, to draw a safe and secure rate of interest rather than to take chances on private securities that may turn out as a total loss of all money invested.

Handling the Household Income

By S. AGNES DONHAM

TIME BUDGET FOR HOUSEWIVES

When work has to be done it is desirable that nothing shall be crowded out or attended to hurriedly because it was forgotten or neglected for less important things. We should plan our time so that we may accomplish as much as possible and leave undone only those things which can wait. We should divide our time in such a way that we allow for work, rest and play—otherwise the quality of our work will suffer. If we fail to play our work becomes drudgery. If we fail to rest work becomes forced, and is poor.

SUGGESTED TIME BUDGETS

Weekly-Special Work	
Monday	Attend to laundry and put house in good general order.
Tuesday	Wash and iron special pieces not sent to laundry.
Wednesday	Clean bedrooms. Give special care to bathroom.
Thursday	Clean silver and put pantry in order.
Friday	Clean living rooms and halls. Weekly mending.
Saturday	Preparations for Sunday meals. Count and put away clean clothes. Special dusting.
Sunday	Necessary routine work. Rest. Social life with family.
Seasonal or Monthly	
January	Sewing, replenishing household supplies.
February	Clean book shelves, closets, etc.
March	Clothing inspection and plans for summer clothing. Attend to screens.
April	Sewing for summer. Remove storm windows.
May	Putting away winter clothes. Take down furnace pipes.
June	
July	Out of door life. Canning and sewing.
August	
September	Plans for fall and winter clothing. Canning vegetables. Put furnace in order for the winter.
October	Special cleaning of rugs and paint. Packing away summer clothing. Airing closets, etc.
November	Preparation for Christmas. Putting up storm windows and doors.
December	Christmas preparation.

This list is suggestive only, no attempt has been made to make it model or even entirely complete, as no two housewives would be able to follow any one budget exactly.

Poor Advice.

"Don't marry the first girl you fall in love with; wait until you've seen the rest," advises the Montgomery Advertiser. Yes, and by the time you've seen the rest someone will have carried off the one you were in love with.

Put Character Above All.

One of the sayings of the late J. P. Morgan that will be remembered after his art collection's glories have been forgotten, was: "I will loan any amount of money to a man of character, but nothing to a man of bad repute, no matter what his security."

THE RED CROSS PROGRAM FOR PEACE SERVICE

The thousands of Red Cross workers of New England who helped accomplish the vast war work of the American Red Cross in this country and overseas have been waiting eagerly since the armistice to learn "what lies ahead, what there will be for them to do in the Red Cross program for peace. Gradually, out of the experience and knowledge of the war years, the leaders have developed plans for immediate and future work. This new program is outlined in a statement by Frederick C. Munroe, General Manager of the American Red Cross, which was issued this week by the New England Division of the organization.

It is the platform on which the American Red Cross will appeal to the people of the Nation for continued support, during the Third Red Cross Roll Call for members and money, November 3 to 11, 1919.

Rests With The People.

"The activities now authorized and those about to be undertaken do not complete the program of Red Cross service which will always adjust and readjust to changing needs," says Mr. Munroe. "The Red Cross is concerned not alone with the emergency that arises from sudden disaster, but with emergency as it affects human life and happiness. The great and continuing disaster of peace is that thousands of deaths occur in the United States annually from wholly preventable diseases, that it is still possible for an epidemic like influenza to take a toll within the compass of a few weeks five times greater than the losses of our nation in a year and a half of war. Such a continuing disaster will become permanent unless the people cooperate with one another to use the knowledge and wealth already in existence to prevent it.

"War-time developments have given every community in the United States a recognized and organized center of Red Cross activity through which the people of that community may, if they wish, serve themselves, with all the advantages of national leadership, national standards national and international contracts. It rests with the people of every community to determine for themselves just how fully they have need of a movement, which under the associated Red Cross Societies is to express the effort of the peoples of the world to free themselves from need, a death and suffering through neighborly cooperation and service."

The Statement follows:

Unfinished War Work.

During the war the energies of the Red Cross were concentrated on extending aid and comfort to military and naval forces and relief to civilian populations. This war-time task is not yet fully performed. To men still in service and to their families at home, to discharged soldiers not yet readjusted to the routine of civilian life, to boys suffering or convalescing in military and naval hospitals, the American people must still give cheer, comfort, and service through their Red Cross.

In certain portions of Europe the American Red Cross must still care for undernourished babies, and for the aged and infirm, and must assist war-ravaged countries to organize their own resources to preserve the vitality and lives of their people. While all these responsibilities at home and abroad have steadily lessened in volume and scope and are gradually moving toward completion they cannot be abandoned until they are fully met. The Red Cross can undertake no plans that do not include this unfinished war-work as their first obligation.

Traditional Responsibilities.

The Red Cross must continue to carry on in an even more effective way than in the past the already established system of National and International relief in mitigating the suffering caused by famine, fire, floods and great national calamities. It must also be prepared to give service to the standing forces of our military and naval establishments and to aid them in every necessary way in the event of their being called into action. It must continue the work undertaken prior to the war in the field of Nursing and must maintain its courses in First Aid, Dietetics, and Home Care of the Sick.

Increased Responsibilities.

The war has left America with the realization that higher standards of responsibility to prevent needless suffering and loss of life are set both for individuals and the nation. The Red Cross, with its traditions and its established organization of Chapters and Branches, is prepared to aid in maintaining these standards by cooperating with all recognized agencies, both governmental and voluntary, engaged in the work of conserving human life and happiness. It must meet its new and developing responsibilities with the same energy and effectiveness as it met those occasioned by the war. In general, the scope of the service of the Red Cross, in addition to the regular disaster function and cooperation with the

military and naval forces, will be directed to assisting, stimulating and supplementing all legitimate movements for the preservation, promotion and improvement of the public health and for bettering living conditions through applying and extending the principles of true neighborliness.

Activities Already Authorized.

The Red Cross has already begun the work of meeting these responsibilities and Chapters are now engaged in extending the following activities:

- (a) Public Health Nursing.
- (b) Educational classes in Dietetics, Home Care of the Sick and First Aid.
- (c) Home Service to Civilian Families.
- (d) Children's activities through the Junior Red Cross.

Public Health Work.

The Red Cross recognizes that the maintenance of public health is a public function to be operated by governmental bodies. It also recognizes that government today—local, state and national—is not everywhere prepared to meet these problems, particularly since their solution must depend so largely upon the understanding and cooperation of individual citizens. With these things in mind it proposes to devote its organized energies to build up a system of operation and cooperation that will eventually become a part of the work of the locally constituted health agencies. In the conservation of child life, in the promotion of rural hygiene, in the prevention of mental diseases, industrial diseases, venereal diseases and tuberculosis and in the education of the people in matters of health and the prevention of disease the Red Cross plans to lend its aid wherever it is needed.

Health Centers.

In preparing for Public Health work the Red Cross has believed that it should announce a plan under which a community might organize in the fullest way. With that in mind a complete plan for the establishment of Health Centers has been prepared. The advice of responsible health officials has been sought and every effort made to enlist the support of interested bodies throughout the country. The response has been cordial and enthusiastic. Manuscript is now in the hands of the printer and the plan will soon be issued. The following are important points in this plan:

(a) The completely organized Health Center will be a place where all official and volunteer agencies can be coordinated, and brought into harmonious relation for protecting and promoting community health and efficiency.

(b) The development of a community health center to its fullest perfection must of necessity be gradual.

(c) Many Chapters for various reasons will not be in a position to establish Health Centers in the near future. Such Chapters may find it possible to undertake educational work, to make studies of community health and welfare conditions and to render particular service to the community for a limited time in order to stimulate the public to supplement Chapter effort.

(d) Inability to establish complete centers must not prevent Chapters from undertaking any possible parts of the Health Center plan or from rendering every service of which they are capable in connection with other forms of Red Cross activity.

(e) In the Health Center plan as in all other Red Cross work Chapters must adhere rigidly to the principle of supplementing, reinforcing and supporting but not supplanting the efforts of established and effective agencies, both public and private.

Preservation of Volunteer Spirit.

During the war the great volume of Chapter work was done by volunteer women working directly in Chapter workrooms, in the homes, in auxiliary groups, and in canteen and motor corps units. Without this work the Red Cross could not have accomplished its complete task. While the great volume of this work is no longer called for, the spirit which produced it continues to exist, and its loss to the Red Cross and the nation would not be short of a catastrophe. In this belief a special committee has been studying miscellaneous Chapter activities. While no outline of its report can now be given there is clear indication that volunteer participation in Red Cross work is to be one of its strongest supports in the future as in the past.

Certain forms of production work for local purposes are needed and will be welcomed in many Chapters. The maintenance of volunteer reserves to be called on in times of need will add greatly to the effectiveness of Red Cross service. The Red Cross will welcome the cooperation of volunteer groups in any community working for the social or physical betterment of the community and will gladly do whatever it can within its resources to assist such groups. All authorized activities of the Red Cross can be greatly aided by full or part time participation of volunteer workers.

Better Late Than Never.

The strangest wedding I ever saw was that of an aged aunt, who in her youth had had a suitor who went off to make his fortune and never returned until, old and infirm, but wealthy, he came back to claim his old sweetheart, who was so feeble she had to remain in a wheel chair during the ceremony. —Chicago Tribune.

CHINESE BECOME SOCIAL PIONEERS

Men and Women Form Good Fellowship Club Together Under Y. W. C. A. Leadership.

The Good Fellowship Club has made its appearance in society in Hangchow, China.

It began with the desire of a progressive young Chinese doctor to give his compatriots, especially the Christians, some healthful form of social intercourse.

Channels for a good, clean, social life among Chinese people are very limited. Until recently becoming a Christian often meant cutting oneself off from one's friends and relatives, also from feast days and festivals. As for joint meetings of men and women—well, such a thing was never heard of in decent society.

The young doctor's plan of having a club where men and their wives might come together to enjoy a good time with each other was discouraged and snuffed at. However, a few people agreed to be pioneers in the cause of social intercourse, and Y. W. C. A. secretaries agreed to help make the club a success.

At first the meetings of the club were laughed at by outsiders and the whole affair considered a joke. However, the members kept on meeting, first at one house and then at another. Soon the men got over the feeling of strangeness at starting out with their wives on Tuesday evening for a friend's home. The women began to enjoy the outing and to take part in the discussions—an intelligent part, too—much to the surprise of their husbands.

The membership grew. The club's fame began to spread. At first the discussions of the club were conducted in English. Soon it became necessary for them to be carried on in Chinese so that more of the women could understand and take part. Many of the scoffers began to apply for admission. The members began indulging in much friendly chaffing and occasionally forgot their dignity to play jokes on one another. Finally it became so large that it had to be divided into two sections, which met separately three Tuesday evenings in the month and on the fourth Tuesday met together for a joint session, with a special program.

Students just returned from American and German colleges, an old Buddhist scholar who is particularly interested in the discussion on Buddhism and Christianity, merchants, railroad and government officials compose the men's side of the room. The women are still a bit shy about talking in front of so many people, but many of them show signs of great executive ability and power of leadership. They are all well poised, clear thinking individuals, who will have a great influence on China's future. They discuss among themselves group meetings in their various churches, the lack of amusements for Chinese women, social service work, subscription lists for the orphanage, cake making, types of stoves, baby diets, the latest engagement and other topics such as one would hear discussed by a group of women gathered together any place in America.

The social part of the evening is given over to games, which at first astounded the sober Chinese gentlemen, but which they take up with great zest after the first evening. And their wives enjoy it just as greatly.

Real American picnics are the latest thing which the club has tried, and they are a great success. A Christmas play is being planned now.

ENGLISH IS COMMON TONGUE.

Chinese Girls Learn It to Talk to One Another.

Chinese women students in the Tung Fu College, Peking, China, are obliged to learn English in order to talk with one another because of the different dialects used by the student body.

Girls from the extreme western provinces of China, who attend the school, must remain in Peking during all of the eight years required for their high school and college training, because to return each summer would require six weeks for the trip one way and would cost more than a trip to America and return.

Girls from each of the western provinces speak a different language and they cannot understand one another any more than they can the girls from northern, southern, eastern or central provinces. Hence, they have adopted English as a common tongue.

NEW SCHOOL FOR CHINA.

Y. W. C. A. Secures New Site for Girls' Physical Training School.

A new home has been found for the Physical Training School which the Young Women's Christian Association has opened for native girls in Shanghai, China.

The school, while in the country, is not far distant from the National Headquarters of the Y. W. C. A. in Shanghai nor far from the local Y. W. C. A. The grounds cover eighteen "mow," which means approximately six acres, and are divided by a private road. A foreign residence already on the grounds will be used by the American teachers, while native buildings on the other side will furnish living quarters and classrooms for the 35 students.

The grounds boast a garden, tennis courts and an athletic field.

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KING OF ALL "RAINMAKERS"

Secret of Success of Solly Greencup, Who Is Well Remembered in the West, Was Simple.

Given an ingenious mind and an eye to business, a live man can make money out of almost any old thing.

Perhaps you remember the extraordinary success scored some years ago by Solly Greencup, the rainmaker. If not, you can read his record in a portfolio of newspaper clippings collected all the way from Nome to San Diego, from eastern Oregon to western Kansas.

Solly Greencup, indeed, occupied for a while a position unique in the annals of meteorology. Scientists might doubt and cynics might scoff, but whenever Solly went after the rain clouds he always got 'em. Moreover he didn't work on "the heads-I-win, tails-you-lose" principle of some other rainmakers. Solly Greencup, when he once decided he could produce rain in a given district, always backed his opinion with hard cash. If he asked the farmers to put up \$1,000 for an inch of rain, he put up another \$1,000 himself as a forfeit in case he failed. And he always won.

Greencup never explained his methods. All the farmers wanted was the rain. All Greencup wanted was the money. With the result both were satisfied. His apparatus consisted of a flag pole, an electric battery, a kite with a metal tail and an air balloon filled with a mysterious gas. If scientists demanded the reason for these contrivances, he shook his head and smiled.

Sometimes Greencup would have to stay a long time in a locality before he could find the exact combination necessary to coax the wet forces into action. Sometimes he had to confess that the dries were too strong for him. But as soon as he posted his forfeit and set up his apparatus the desired moisture followed in a few days. Once in Elstonsville he gave the ground a good soaking for a paltry \$2,500, thus saving a \$1,000,000 grain crop. Of course he made a tidy fortune, yet at the time no one considered his charges exorbitant. And everybody admitted he was a good sport. As he grew wealthy Greencup never gave himself titles nor assumed the title of "professor." These things were afterward remembered to his credit.

A few years ago Greencup went permanently out of the rainmaking business. In a street car accident he lost his left foot, which had to be amputated above the ankle. After that for love or money he refused to experiment with the weather.

When the secret of his success was fully revealed some carping moralists called him make-believe. He never claimed, like another famous personage, to be in partnership with the lightning. But at least he had done something that nobody in the world had ever done before.

He had capitalized a corn.

Big Private Telephone Exchange.
The size of the private telephone exchange grows with the erection of every hotel or office building of any considerable proportions. The largest ever constructed is that of a New York hotel which has been recently opened to the public. It occupies 3,105 square feet of floor space, having an seating room 110 feet long by 15 feet wide, a terminal room 80 feet long and 25 feet wide, a restroom 23 feet by 15 feet and a locker and wash room 30 feet by 14 feet. The operating force consists of one chief operator, one assistant chief operator, eight supervisors and 110 attendants. The switchboard consists of twenty-two positions. Thirteen positions are equipped with teleautographs used for paging and announcing only. The switchboard has a capacity of 3,340 messages and 180 trunks. The hotel has telephone service in each of its 600 rooms, and there are forty public telephone booths served by four switchboards connected with the main switchboard. The following gives some idea of a few of the items which make up part of the telephone system: 600 fuses, 1,170 condensers, 2,000 relays, 6,850 lamps, 33,500 jacks, 5,000 soldered connections, 7,920,000 feet of wire.

Britons Build Biggest Plane.
The Tormentor Aircraft Construction Company of Farnborough, England, has finished building the biggest airplane in the world. It is a triplane, the middle plane of which is 131 feet long, the top and bottom planes are 15 feet 2 inches long. All these planes are 78 feet long (20 feet longer than the biggest biplane), and the wings are 47 feet. The pilot's seat is 12 feet beyond the line of the fuselage. The body of the machine resembles a whale in length and girth, with a great blunt-ended nose. Between the planes are six Naper-Lion engines each developing 500-horsepower. Four of them operate two-bladed propellers; two of them four-bladed propellers.

Show Me, Angel!

By BARBARA KERR

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

She was such an alluring bit of femininity. Her dark brown hair was beautifully marcelled—not that she had spent twenty-five perfectly good dollars and had the job done, that is permanently waved at one sitting, but she was a twice-a-week customer at Mine, Periwig's, and as this was one of the bi-weekly days and she knew that it was thoroughly and efficiently done.

She knew that the two curly little horns, one over each ear, were just so, and were sketched into place with innumerable invisible hairpins; that her hair was reached back with a most bewitching "cowlick" at the most becoming angle of her forehead, and that her "widow's peak" was pointed precisely over the left eyebrow. Therefore by and because of all these signs her coil was the last word.

Her complexion was arrived at by the benzoin method. It was now seven months and twenty-one days since water had touched her face. Her make-up box took up the whole end of a clothes closet, and her bills for cosmetics, creams and other beautifiers were greater than those of her father for clothes.

But her devoted parents had no fault to find with Angela's tout ensemble, nor the cost thereof, for she was vastly easy for all to look upon, and a finished feast for the tired eyes of indulgent parents.

And to all this Angela Burton was wise. She had capitalized her appearance and knew it. More than once it had brought her what she desired. But now, and it was a fearful, almost terrifying moment, Tommy Hampton, her old sweetheart, who had always stood so in awe of her, was returned from France, and in their first minutes he was saying to her:

"No use, Angel! You've got to show me something besides good looks. You're a peaches, all right, all right, but I've been around some—I've seen all kinds of girls—and the girl that interests me now is the girl with the goods—and not dry goods, either."

"Oh, I suppose that Lieutenant Hampton is going to marry money!" retorted Angela scornfully.

"No!" thundered Tommy, "but if you don't, you'll soon be short of grease to run that complexion of yours."

She sprang to her feet in a rage. "Now that was pretty coarse work, Angel, but it's the honest-to-God truth. I didn't start out to be a beast. I was only going to tell you that my ideas on what was inside our heads and not what we were, painted up to look like. I've seen girls ragged, uncombed—yes, as savage as we were—would go with us to the gates of hell and kiss us, and cry over us when we came back. And they looked a good deal more like angels to me than you do. Angel, you and I are a century apart. I'm looking for a mate, not a piece of bric-a-brac for a corner whatnot. You won't do, Angel. You're just scenery."

Clapping her hands over her ears Angela sped up the stairs and Tommy took his hat and left.

She was too angry for words. No one in the world had ever before told her she was utterly useless. In order to revive her self-respect and dry her tears with bits of absorbent cotton, she sat down before her mirror. Then her vitalizing sense of humor came to her rescue.

"So you're scenery, Angel?" she mumbled to her reflection. "Well, he didn't say you weren't interesting scenery—oh, no, but he said a lot!" Gazing at herself intently and after a moment's thought, "No, we'll not deface the scenery—it's all I'm travelling on, just now, but we'll show Mr. Hampton—"

Angela was nobody's fool. There were as many convolutions in the brain inside of her marcelled head as there were waves in her hair. Thoughtfully, preoccupied, she went through her closet, took down an old blue linen, put it on; then laid out on the bed a clean white collar and cuff set, put on a big apron and hurried to the phone.

"Yes, dad, I've some extra time on my hands, and if you want to bring out an old friend to dinner we'll set him up a nifty little handout. Any one you bring is all right," she assured her father. Then she repaired to the kitchen and told her mother what she had done, adding: "But it wouldn't be any more trouble to fix for two than one. Let's have Uncle Joab, too." And they called him. He was delighted.

Angela was more to him than merely an only sister's child. She was the charming replica of his mother, long since dead, whom he had idolized. So when Angel got him off by himself and haltingly proposed to rent his farm he chuckled and with a wise little wink he asked:

"Are you the farmer, Angel, or is there a partner in the background?"

"Now, uncle, haven't I been out there enough with you to know a lot about farming? Anyway, no one ever said I couldn't learn." Then, demurely, "Of course, I might take on a partner, later. Who knows?"

And the dotting uncle agreed that she couldn't do worse than some of the tenants he'd had, and she might try, as the present renter was leaving.

"And," continued Angel, patting his cheek and straightening his tie. "I'll have some first-class advice on tap all the time, for I shall keep one room just for you, and whenever the side-walks begin to hurt your feet you'll have a place in the country where you

can come and hibernate. Oh, we'll have loads of fun, Nunkie, see if we don't."

"But it's a hard life—country life is—for a woman," discouraged her uncle wistfully. "You'll have to part with some of your style and good looks."

"Well, even at that I'll not part with more than some of the girls who are living in flats, half starved, without chick or child—no room for even a pet cat. And those boarding-house women—why I can spot them as far as I can see them. I've thought it all out carefully, Uncle Joab, and I want to try—and you know grandmother lived there and she was the prettiest woman in this country when she died. I knew you'd let me."

When everything was planned and almost ready Angela sent her mother to dress. "Now doll up a bit, mother, for my dad, your old steady, likes it." And she took off the big apron and put on the white collar and cuffs over her blue linen, as became the daughter who was to serve.

Dad was more than pleased when Angela led him and his two old guests to talk of the olden times, how they started in life, what the girls did and the hardships of the mothers. The old men were charmed. They resembled it when the bell rang and a messenger delivered a note to Angela, who slipped away to her own room to read it.

"Monday evening and lonesome."

"I needn't have been such a beast, Ann. I could have left if I did not like the artificial makeup. But somehow, I can't be sorry, for it had to come out some time, sooner or later—I guess I've become uncivilized. I'm headed for the up-country and when I get a beginning I'm going to ask some real, grownup, human girl to marry me. She'll not get an angel, as you know. She'll feel sorry for her. I'll leave tomorrow at two." He started to write "love," but crossed it out and signed, "Respy, Tom."

After Angela had her cry out she went and washed her face with water, then hid her reply:

"Tuesday, Busy Day."

"Dear Mr. Hampton—Fine for you! I'm started on just such a career myself. Uncle Joab is going to let me manage his farm next year. I'll have to economize, for it will take lots of grease for complexion and other farm machinery. But I'm figuring to marry later on some competent young man to help run the farm. It will be much cheaper than hiring, but you needn't feel sorry for him, for I'll treat him white when he proves to me that he is a full-size man. And I shall not expect him to tell me how to comb my hair. Respy, A. BURTON."

The note was handed to Tom an hour before train time. He read it, grinned appreciatively, then on second reading laughed broadly. He felt that it should be answered at once.

"Dear Ann—Have you any one in view for that place? I might be persuaded to take it. Answer. TOM."

And she did, sending it to the station, where a rather disconsolate and crestfallen Tommy was wondering whether Ann might relent.

He fairly snatched the note from the hand of the messenger, turned aside from the crowd and read:

"Dear Mr. Hampton: 'No. But I never persuade and pay too. You might bring around your recommendations from your last place, and we'll talk it over. Uncle Joab and I are going out to look over the farm at three. I might add, that I am disposed to give an old soldier preference over other applicants, all other things being equal. Respy, A. BURTON.'"

Tom dismissed the messenger, deciding to answer the note in person. He called at a jeweler's on the way and still arrived at Burton's in time to prove that he was qualified to fill the place, and to go with Angela and Uncle Joab out to look over the farm at three.

New York's First Bank.

The first bank in New York city, in point of age, is the Bank of New York in Wall street, which was organized 135 years ago. A number of prominent merchants and citizens met at the Merchants' coffee house and elected officers of the financial institution. Alexander Hamilton was the real founder of the Bank of New York, but Gen. Alexander McDougall was chosen as its first president. Hamilton drew up the constitution of the bank, which had its first headquarters in the Walton mansion. Both Hamilton and Aaron Burr were stockholders, and the former was a director for years. For many years after its organization the Bank of New York, with the Bank of North America in Philadelphia and the Bank of Massachusetts in Boston, held the entire banking capital of the United States. The Bank of New York has occupied its present site since 1798.

Bargain in Chemicals.

"Bayard, dear," she said, "I do hope you will stop smoking cigarettes; you don't know what's in them."

"Oh, yes, I do; why, for quite a trifling sum you get alcohol, valerian, possible a little morphine, and any amount of carbon."

She looked into his eyes and murmured: "Bayard, dear, it does seem like a bargain, doesn't it?"

Another of the Mysteries.

One of the mysteries of life is how a horrid man can keep right on observing the ways of gentlemen and never acquire any of them for himself.—Detroit Free Press.

Better Than Riches.

A man who gives his children habits of industry provides for them better than by giving them a fortune.—Whately.

Astronomical Phenomenon.

Marjorie, three, was watching the sunset. "Daddy," she called, "come and see the sun getting ready to be a moon."

CO-OPERATING TO CUT MEAT COST

"Rings" Furnish Animals for Slaughter and Members Receive Different Cuts.

START IS MADE IN SPRING

Slaughtering Is Done by Man Hired for Purpose Who Usually Receives "Fifth" Quarter for His Pay—No Dividends Paid.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Beef clubs or rings and co-operative butcher shops are two of the plans being used by American farmers to reduce the cost of meat for their tables. The co-operative butcher shop is regarded as an outgrowth of the beef clubs, which in varying forms have been in operation for many years.

Typical examples of the beef clubs have been reported to the U. S. Department of Agriculture from the coastal plain of South Carolina. Many of the clubs have a membership of eight farmers, but most of them have sixteen. Operations of the club start



Some American Dressed Beef.

In the spring, when the first member on the list furnishes a beef for killing. The slaughtering is done by a man hired for the purpose and who usually receives the "fifth quarter," such as the hide, heart and liver, as his pay. The beef is divided into as many parts as there are members of the club.

The next week a second member furnishes the beef, and so on for eight or sixteen weeks, the various portions of meat being rotated among the members so that each gets a proportionate share of the choice cuts and of the poorer cuts.

The beef is weighed after the animal is dressed and thus the pounds furnished by each member are known. At the end of the season settlement is made by any members who have not furnished their full shares.

How Plan Developed.

In an Iowa farming community objection was found to these beef rings because each household had to consume a stated amount of beef on stated days during the week in order that the available supply would be disposed of economically. This tended to make the beef diet monotonous and ultimately led to the amalgamation of the beef rings into a co-operative butcher shop.

Each member owns one share of stock in the project, and in his turn furnishes one head of cattle or as many sheep or hogs as are desired for slaughter. The members are credited with the dressed weight of the live stock provided minus a shrinkage of 15 per cent. They receive coupon books equivalent in value to the amount of meat furnished, allotments being apportioned equal in steaks, roasts and boiling pieces.

Each member is privileged to purchase as much or as little meat as he wishes and at any time he can "cash in" on his coupon book at the prevailing prices. Surplus meat is sold to the local trade at from 5 to 7 cents lower per pound than the retail butchers charge for similar cuts in grades of meat. It is reported.

Good Meat Required.

It is required that all animals be in prime market condition when they are delivered at the co-operative shop; that they be subjected to both ante-mortem and post-mortem examination, and that the cattle must not be more than two years old at the time of slaughter.

Like the beef rings, this meat distributing organization is strictly co-operative and distinctly under farmer control. It pays no dividends. In fact, the project is so managed that the surplus is just enough to reimburse the butcher for his services and to cover operation expenses.

There is a greatness in being generous, and there is only simple justice in satisfying creditors. Generosity is a part of the soul raised above the vulgar.—Goldsmith.

Daily Thought.
Content thyself to be obscurely good.—Addison.

RELATIVE VALUE OF LAND AND PRODUCT

Recent Investigation Made by Bureau of Crop Estimates.

There Has Been Much Disparity, First on One Side and Then on Other, Between Two Movements—Farm Labor a Factor.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Farm land value has not advanced in the same degree as the composite price of crops and live stock has from the beginning of the war in 1918. Results of a recent investigation by the bureau of crop estimates, United States department of agriculture, revealed that, although farm land value alone gained in 1918 and led in the relative advance in 1919, it lost its lead in 1917 and, moreover, fell far behind the relative gain in the price of crops and live stock in that year and in 1918.

From 1914 to 1918 farm land value, not including that of buildings, increased 11 per cent, while the price of crops and live stock lost 3 per cent. In the following year land value went up 23 per cent above 1914 and price of crops and live stock also advanced, but only by 12 per cent. A reversal of the relative of these movements appeared in 1917, when land value gained only 38 per cent on 1914 and crops and live stock gained 74 per cent. The divergence increased in 1918, since the gain above 1914 was 50 per cent for land value and 97 per cent for crops and live stock.

Farm land value is supposed to be related, at any rate largely related, to the net profit of farming, and in fact it is often somewhat affected even by single years of high or scant profit, yet the value of farm land advanced in 1915, although the price of crops and live stock declined. In comparison with 1914, and gained relatively much more than price did in 1916; but, on the other hand, its relative gain in 1917 and 1918 was far from equalling that of price. There has been much disparity, first on one side and then on the other, between the two movements of land value and produce price.

Perhaps a scarcity of farm labor weakened the demand for farms in the last two years, and perhaps, also, the net profit of farming, because of extraordinary high cost of production, was not as great as the high price of products would indicate superficially.

SWAT PEDIGREED-SCRUB HOG

Buyers Should See That Animals They Are About to Purchase Have Good Quality.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Thousands of purebred scrubs are scattered through this country, according to hog extension men of the United States department of agriculture, who are devoting their efforts to eliminating inferior pedigreed animals. This, they say, applies to all kinds of live stock, but is perhaps more general in the hog industry. Pedigrees are necessary and valuable to the hog breeder, yet the pedigree is the means of fooling a lot of farmers, particularly those



Hogs Kept Under Clean Conditions, as on Good Pasture, Are Better Able to Resist Cholera and Other Diseases.

who are about to start into the purebred hog business and who have not had enough experience in judging to select animals of good standard type. Buyers should not be contented simply with purebred animals, but should see in addition that the animals they are about to purchase have good quality, say the department hog specialists.

FOR CONTROL OF WHEAT PEST

Hessian Fly Can Be Held in Check by Plowing Infested Stubble in Summer or Fall.

For the control of the Hessian fly, plow under deeply all infested wheat stubble during summer or early fall, where this is practicable and does not interfere with the growing of clover or important forage grasses. If volunteer wheat starts, kill it by disking or plowing while it is still young.

EARLY LAYING DISCOURAGED

Stunts Growth of Pullets and Tends to Production of Undesirable Small Eggs.

The pullet that lays very young is not as a rule the best layer; early laying stunts the growth, tends to the production of small eggs, and breeding from such pullets in time results in the production of an inferior strain of birds.

Optimistic Thought.
Trade increases the wealth and glory of a nation.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

FOR AUTUMN WEAR

Parisian Design That Is Smart and Original.

Navy Blue Best Color That Could Be Employed for Such a Costume—Smart Velvet Toque.

It is an accepted fact that the more exclusive society leaders purchase their autumn and winter trousseaux at Biarritz at the end of the summer season. Novelties are shown there, just as they are shown at Monte Carlo in early spring. It is "the thing" to buy dresses, mantles, and hats at Biarritz because "everyone does it."

This year the Biarritz dress artists, such as Paquin, Callot, Redfern, Larue and so on, are showing some really startling models, writes Idalia de Villiers in the Boston Globe. The barrel outline is very much in evidence; and as to flounced skirts they may be said to be ubiquitous. I am very much afraid that the barrel outline has come with intention of staying. It is not really pretty, neither is it becoming to the average woman, but certainly it is unusual.

Many of the more eccentric autumn models are frankly stiffened; nearly all are piped with strong horse hair to give the desired stick-out effect. The latter method applies especially to tunic-coats and tunic-blouses. Take for example the Paquin model sketched. Here you have a really beautiful autumn costume which is smart and original without being eccentric. The material was navy blue pout de sole and heavy serge, the skirt material forming a panner-coat which was cleverly stiffened at the hem.

This coat ran into a long, wholly unexpected peak at the back and on the collar there was an immense silk tassel, the same color as the dress.



Pannier Coat in Thick Navy Blue Pout de Sole, Over Plaited Serge Skirt.

The serge skirt was finely plaited and moderately short and the coat opened over a beautiful waistcoat made of white glove kid and delicately embroidered in tiny jet beads.

The sleeves of the coat were short, and the idea was that very long black kid gloves, mousquetaire in style, were to be worn. This costume would look well if copied in serge throughout, the coat lined with silk or brocade, and the turn-over collar in dull black satin. Or the whole dress might be made of black satin, to be worn under a loose cape-wrap of drevyn or velvet.

Please take special notice of the big velvet toque shown in this sketch. This is one of the latest models from the Maison Lewis of Biarritz, and it represents the toque of tomorrow. All the best Paris milliners are making large and very full toques, either in velvet or in tulle, with an effective touch of short-haired fur on the crown.

FOR LINEN CUSHION COVER

Embroidery of White Wash Silk or Flax Thread Is Pretty—For Color Effects.

A linen cushion cover may be quickly embroidered in-white wash silk or flax thread with insertion of cluny lace.

Should a touch of color be desired, the cover might be drawn over a colored cushion which would show through the lace. Allow a fringe at each end and line this with the same color as the cushion. Tie with a colored cord.

Where a strong color effect is desired, the cover might be of cornflower blue linen with nut-brown silks for embroidery, the cluny lace being a deep tone of twine color. Another finish for an edge is a band of its own material cut on the bias. Place a thick sheet of cotton wadding under the cover which you have embroidered. Both the appearance and the feeling of the cushion are improved by this addition.

General Grant Knew.
To Johnnie Hoskins: Yes, you are right. Soldiers always grew tired of beans as a steady diet. We think it was General Grant who said: "Let us have peas."—Arkansas Thomas Cat.

THE ORIGIN OF TROUBLE

People who want to locate the very root and propagating center of all the present social turmoil will be about right when they put their fingers on Russia. That is where the infection starts from. It will keep on infecting until Russia acquires mental health and comes back to earth again.

It is Russia that has sent its Bolshevik agents all over the world, creating class hatred, stirring up social war, and doing everything possible to create a world revolution.

When they seized the Russian government, the Bolsheviks not merely got control of the printing presses that would print Russian money by the bale, but they also acquired an enormous stock of gold that will pass current anywhere. Instead of taking it to build up their country and to establish their social experiments on as sound a basis as possible, they have used it to disseminate poison.

Even when that stock of gold gives out, their agents can keep right on. Labor is so short that they can come to this country and find work and use their jobs as a center for propaganda.

The high prices are a principal cause why this propaganda spreads. And one great reason for high food prices is that Russia, formerly one of the great food producing districts of the world, is paralyzed by its insanity, and cannot feed itself. If Russia could recover from her attack of delirium tremens, and begin again to export food to the rest of Europe, social conditions would quiet down marvellously.

It is therefore of the most vital importance to everyone that Russia gets back to earth at the earliest possible moment. Whatever the United States government can do towards that end should be done.

GERMANS RUSH TO GAMBLING

One Frankfurt Man Loses \$166,600; Another Is Murdered for \$16,600.

Frankfurt - on - Main, Germany. - Gambling is increasing in Germany to an alarming extent, according to German newspapers. This is said to be due partly to the higher living of individuals who made fortunes during the war by government contracts or otherwise. The Frankfurter Zeitung recently declared:

"The demoralizing effect of the three gambling resorts erected in Bad Nauheim during the period of the soldiers' council is now seen in its grossest form. A guest, said to be from Frankfurt, was found murdered in one of the parks. The investigating committee ascertained that the murder had been committed by a thief. The murdered man had won 70,000 marks (nominally \$16,600) at the club '1010' in the Grand hotel on the night he was killed. On the way to his quarters he was shot in the back and all his money stolen."

"Another man from Frankfurt lost 50,000 marks (\$11,900) one Sunday afternoon at the Villa Heilmann, and a few days before another guest lost as much as 700,000 marks (nominally \$166,600)."

FLEW OVER THE ROCKIES



This is Capt. E. C. Hoy of Vancouver, who recently flew over the Rocky mountains from Vancouver to Calgary.

MEMORIAL GROVE FOR HEROES

Hundreds of Trees to Be Planted in Honor of American War Dead.

Washington. - With the practical completion of the Lincoln memorial in Potomac park here, officials are preparing to plant about the edifice a memorial grove dedicated to men who died in the world war.

Each of the several hundred trees will be donated by relatives of a soldier, sailor or marine who was killed or died of wounds received in battle during the war.

Applications are now being received by the office in charge of public buildings. Small metal tags will be used to number the trees and a record will be kept of the service of each man in whose memory a tree is planted.

RETURNED YANK GETS \$125,000

Aunt Reimburses Gotham Lieutenant for Money His Uncle Squandered.

VICTIM OF CONFIDENCE

Share in Estate of Grandmother Is Misappropriated by Former Congressman - Nephew Accepts Settlement After Court Action.

New York. - As the result of a settlement announced, James F. Dechert, who served as a lieutenant in France, will receive \$125,000 as his share of the estate of his grandmother, Mrs. Sarah J. Flanagan, who died in 1903, although his uncle, De Witt C. Flanagan, formerly a congressman from New Jersey and original promoter of the Cape Cod canal, misappropriated his share of \$113,000 in his grandmother's estate.

The settlement under which the payment is to be made by his aunt, Mrs. Gertrude E. Shannon of 121 Madison avenue, follows the report of John Quinn, named in 1916 as referee to hear objections by Lieutenant Dechert to the accounting by Mrs. Shannon, and Mr. Flanagan, his uncle, as executors under his grandmother's will.

Takes Testimony Two Years.

Mr. Quinn took testimony in the case for two years in order to determine the accountability of Mrs. Shannon for the acts of her brother, and finally decided that the decisions in similar cases compelled him to hold that both Mrs. Shannon and Mr. Flanagan should account for Lieutenant Dechert's \$113,000, with interest since 1900.

Counsel for Mrs. Shannon objected to the liability ruling against her on the ground that she had acted innocently and had been guilty only of blind trust in her brother, but before the attorneys for Lieutenant Dechert had presented a decree to the surrogate directing the payment of the \$113,000 with 18 years' interest, overtures for a settlement were made, and as a result of the acceptance by her nephew of her offer of about \$125,000 the proceedings will be dropped.

Had Never Qualified.

Mr. Quinn's report states that Lieutenant Dechert's mother, Lillian F. Dechert, died in Connecticut in 1895, and named Flanagan, her brother, as executor under her will and guardian of her son. The referee states that he never qualified as the guardian of his nephew in New York and had no authority to receive property here as his guardian.

The accounting of the executors to which Lieutenant Dechert objected was filed in 1916, and stated that the entire residuary estate of Mrs. Flanagan had been distributed in 1906 among four beneficiaries, each of whom was entitled to \$113,000. The share allotted to Lieutenant Dechert consisted of mortgages for \$54,000, \$40,000 and \$19,000 respectively. Mrs. Shannon joined in this accounting.

GAMBLERS SET UP 'REPUBLIC'

Halted on Way to Present Demands for Recognition to the King of Italy.

Genova. - An interesting situation has arisen at Camplone, the Italian Monte Carlo, near Lugano.

At the instance of the Swiss authorities the Italian government closed the gambling place recently, whereupon the residents, consisting of several hundred male voters, declared Camplone an independent republic, with the object of reopening the Casino, which, during the few months of its existence, made a profit reported to be more than a million dollars. The chief shareholders were Austrians.

A delegation, headed by the mayor, with a petition and proclamation, was on the way to Rome to interview the king when stopped at the Italian frontier. The delegation was sent home; the papers were seized and the delegates were threatened with arrest.

WIRELESS THROUGH EARTH

Naval Officer Makes Discoveries Which Will Revolutionize Radiography.

San Diego, Cal. - Radiography will be revolutionized by transmission through the earth and water, instead of the air as the result of discoveries made at a little experiment station located on a barge in San Diego bay, it is predicted by Lieut. A. A. Morton of the navy radio laboratory at Mare Island, who conducted the experiments.

First proof of the success of the new method of radio transmission through the earth, it was revealed, was made when the United States navy department sent a message from the Annapolis station to the British admiralty that the dirigible R-34 had been sighted off the American coast.

Lieutenant Morton was at his instruments, heard the message and copied it in its entirety, he said.

Jap Industry Hard Hit

During the war the Japanese zinc industry was very prosperous and large profits were made on ore which was imported from Australia and the French Indies. The signing of the armistice, however, has dealt a hard blow to this industry, and it is reported that it costs \$200 a ton to produce Japanese zinc, while the market price is only \$187 a ton. It is expected that this will result in a request for subsidies and import protection, since the deposits of Japanese ore are of such inferior quality that competition with imported ore cannot be met successfully.

MISS EMILY FARNUM



Miss Emily Farnum of New York city, for many years connected with the department of commerce, has been named chief of the appointment division for the 1920 census.

OFFICERS HIT HARD IN WAR

Casualties Were Higher Than Among the Enlisted Men in the Army.

Washington. - Casualties were higher among officers than among enlisted men; higher among regular officers than among emergency officers; higher in the infantry than in any other branch of the service, and higher among West Point graduates than among other regular officers, according to a war department statement.

"Among enlisted men, battle deaths were eight in each 1,000," the department said. "Among emergency officers they were 11 in each 1,000, and among regular army officers they were 14 in each 1,000."

"Death rates were far higher in the infantry than in any other branch of the service."

"Among each 1,000 enlisted men in the infantry reaching France there were 270 killed or wounded."

"Among each 1,000 officers in the infantry reaching France there were 330 killed or wounded."

"Battle death rates among graduates of the military academy were greater in both the higher and lower ranks than they were in the corresponding ranks among officers of the regular army who were not graduates of the academy."

Fortune Teller Takes Long Trip She Predicted

Kansas City, Mo. - "Mister, you are going on a long, long journey," said Allie Rice, a fortune teller, to Detective Harry Arthur.

"I want company; come with me to police headquarters," Arthur told Allie.

In police court Allie was fined \$200 and costs. She was given a stay on condition she close up her establishment.

YOUTH NOW SEEKS FREEDOM

Asks Divorce From Grandmother Whom He Says He Married Under Pressure.

Knoxville, Tenn. - Having married the widow of his grandfather, Maggie Sutton, aged 73 years, Henry Timothy Sutton, a youth of 18 years, has sought the annulment of his marriage in the chancery court here. Sutton testified that he married his wife "under pressure."

He gives as a reason for seeking an annulment of his marriage that his wife "is too old and that he never liked her." Chancellor Hugh H. Tate took the case under advisement.

Mrs. Sutton did not appear to make answer to the bill. She is understood to be a nonresident and notice was served by publication. Several witnesses stated that they did not know her whereabouts.

LIVE HIGH ON STRIKE BONUS

Genoa Longshoremen Get \$6.50 Day - Hire Underlings at \$2 to Do Work.

Genoa. - Genoa longshoremen recently converted themselves in twenty-four hours from striking workmen to employers of labor.

They obtained through the strike a day wage rate of \$6.50 and the following day hired other men for their jobs at \$2 a day, thereafter living easy lives on the remaining \$4.50 for eight hours management of the \$2-a-day underling.

Instances of strike winning with subsequent subletting of jobs according to the Genoa idea have been prevalent during the intermittent labor troubles throughout Italy.

POULTRY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Boys and Girls Who Take an Interest in Chickens Should Be Given Chance to Raise Them.

Poultry raising appeals to the young people in many instances. The boys and girls who like poultry and would take an interest in fowls should have a chance to raise poultry and use the income as they please. Parents often may help their children to become successful in this way.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., October 15th, 1919.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., October 15th, 1919.

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EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

New Shoreham, R. I., Oct. 15, 1919.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Executors of the last will and testament of ATMORE H. FARNUM, deceased, of the Town of New Shoreham, deceased, which will has been admitted to probate by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, hereby give notice that they have received said will and have given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file in the office of the clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

CONSERVATORS NOTICE

Newport, October 15th, 1919.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that she has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Rhode Island, as the conservator of the person and estate of MARY WILLIAM MCCORMICK, minor, of said Newport, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said ward are notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court within six months from the date of first advertisement hereof.

NEILLIE L. MCCORMICK.

REPORT

OF THE CONDITION OF THE NEWPORT NATIONAL BANK, at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business September 12, 1919.

RESOURCES	DOLLARS
Loans and discounts, including rediscounts, (except those shown in b and c)	270,091.50
Overdrafts secured and unsecured	18,174
U. S. bonds deposited to secure circulation (par value)	110,000.00
Owned and unpledged	27,293.65
Total U. S. government securities	137,293.65
Liberty Loan Bonds	82,825.75
Total bonds, securities, etc., other than U. S.	1,100.00
Stocks other than Federal Reserve Bank Stock	3,100.00
Value of banking house, 14,000.00	14,000.00
Equity in banking house with Federal Reserve Bank	33,697.80
Cash in vault and net amounts due from National Banks	115,511.63
Exchanges for clearing house	4,325.90
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer and due from U. S. Treasurer	5,300.00
Interest earned but not collected - approximate - on notes and bills receivable not past due	2,813.19
Total	579,615.34

LIABILITIES

Capital stock paid in	\$10,000.00
Surplus fund	17,888.96
Undivided profits	17,888.96
Less current expenses, interest and taxes paid or credited, in advance of maturity and not earned (approximate)	2,691.79
Circulating notes outstanding	105,491.00
Certified checks outstanding	3,750.52
Cashier's checks on own bank outstanding	87.79
Individual deposits subject to check	112,596.25
Certificates of deposits due in less than 30 days (other than for money borrowed)	8,930.54
Dividends unpaid	2.10
Total	\$799,615.34
State of Rhode Island, County of Newport	
I, Henry C. Stevens, Jr., Cashier above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best knowledge and belief.	
H. C. STEVENS, JR., Cashier	
Subscribed and sworn to before me 20th day of September, 1918.	
JACKER BRAMA	

State of Rhode Island, County of Providence.

I, Henry C. Stevens, Jr., Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

H. C. STEVENS, JR., Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2nd day of September, 1919.

PACKER DRAMAM, Notary Public.

Correct - Attest:

WILLIAM F. DENNIS, JR., WILLIAM STEVENS, WILLIAM A. SHERMAN, Directors.

The Profitable Nickel.

"Like the humble cent, the increased coinage of which was recently mentioned in this column, the nickel is in greater demand than ever. That is fortunate, for the face value of those "token coins" is so much greater than the value of the metal they contain that the profit in manufacturing them, together with a slight profit in manufacturing the minor silver coins, more than meets the entire running expenses of the mint. - Youth's Companion.

Give Plants Air and Light.

If potted plants are set in jars - liners, be sure no water stands in them and that the jardiniere is large enough to permit of circulation of air around it. Plants need light, pure air, and cleanliness as much as human beings.

Fidelity in Small Things.

Fidelity in small things is, at the base of every great achievement. We too often forget this, and yet no truth needs more to be kept in mind, particularly in the troubled eras of history and in the crises of individual life. - Charles Wagner.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF The National Exchange Bank

At Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business on Sept. 12, 1919

RESOURCES	DOLLARS	Cts.
1. a. Loans and discounts, including rediscounts, (except those shown in b and c)	270,091.50	
2. Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	18,174	
3. U. S. bonds deposited to secure circulation (par value)	110,000.00	
4. Owned and unpledged	27,293.65	
5. Total U. S. government securities	137,293.65	
6. Liberty Loan Bonds	82,825.75	
7. Total bonds, securities, etc., other than U. S.	1,100.00	
8. Stocks other than Federal Reserve Bank Stock	3,100.00	
9. Value of banking house owned and unencumbered	14,000.00	
10. Equity in banking house with Federal Reserve Bank	33,697.80	
11. Cash in vault and net amounts due from National Banks	115,511.63	
12. Exchanges for clearing house	4,325.90	
13. Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer and due from U. S. Treasurer	5,300.00	
14. Interest earned but not collected - approximate - on notes and bills receivable not past due	2,813.19	
Total	\$579,615.34	

LIABILITIES	DOLLARS	Cts.
22. Capital stock paid in	10,000.00	
23. Surplus fund	17,888.96	
24. Undivided profits	17,888.96	
25. Less current expenses, interest and taxes paid or credited, in advance of maturity and not earned (approximate)	2,691.79	
26. Circulating notes outstanding	105,491.00	
27. Certificates of deposits outstanding	3,750.52	
28. Checks on own bank outstanding	87.79	
29. Individual deposits subject to check	112,596.25	
30. Certificates of deposits due in less than 30 days, other than money borrowed	8,930.54	
31. Dividends unpaid	2.10	
Total	\$579,615.34	

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND

County of Newport, ss.

I, George H. Proud, Cashier of the above named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

GEORGE H. PROUD, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 18th day of September, 1919.

PACKER DRAMAM, Notary Public.

CORRECT - Attest:

EDWARD A. BROWN, EDWARD S. PECKHAM, FREDERICK D. COGGESHALL, Directors.

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE

Newport, October 14th, 1919.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that she has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Rhode Island, as the guardian of the person and estate of MARY WILLIAM MCCORMICK, minor, of said Newport, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said ward are notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court within six months from the date of first advertisement hereof.

NEILLIE L. MCCORMICK.

OLD BOOKS WANTED

PAY LIBERAL PRICES

For Old Books, Pamphlets, Documents, Manuscripts, Almanacs, Play Bills; etc.

And am in Newport once a month for two or three days, to answer calls from people within 20 miles of Newport, having material of this character for sale. If you wish to see me on my next visit, write me.

F. J. WILDER

ANTIQUARIAN BOOKSELLER

46 CORNHILL, Boston, Mass.

TO NEW YORK FALL RIVER LINE

Lv. Long Wh. daily at 9.45 p. m.

Ticket Office on the Wharf

NEW ENGLAND STEAMSHIP LINES

COWS FOR SALE!

Four Cows. Just sold their calves. No use for milk. Also two thoroughbred yearling Ayrshires. Will sell low. Call and see them Sunday.

ARTHUR N. PECKHAM, R. I.

THE Newport Gas Light Co

offers a limited amount of

COKE for Sale

at the following prices

DELIVERED	
36 bu. Prepared Coke	\$7.50
36 bu. Common Coke	6.50

(An extra charge of 50 cents shall be made for every 38 bushels carried to bins.)

AT WORKS	
Prepared Coke, per bu.	.20
Common Coke, per bu.	.17

W. T. WILSON

EYES EXAMINED GLASSES FITTED

15 YEARS ON MATHEWSON STREET

Third Floor

TURK'S HEAD BUILDING

Providence - R. I.

Jamesstown Agency

ALTON F. COGGESHALL

Narragansett Ave Phone 2020

New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

Time tables showing local and through train service between all stations may be obtained at all ticket offices of this company.

Time table revised September 21, 1919.

Leave Newport for Fall River, Taunton and Boston, week days, 6.55, 8.50, 9.15, 11.10 a. m., 1.15, 2.05, 4.10 (for Fall River), 6.05, 9.10 p. m.

Leave Fall River for Newport, 6.55, 8.55, 11.10 a. m., 1.15, 2.05, 4.10 (for Fall River), 6.10, 9.15 p. m.

Leave Taunton for Newport, 6.55, 8.55, 11.10 a. m., 1.15, 2.05, 4.10 (for Fall River), 6.10, 9.15 p. m.

Leave Boston for Newport, 6.55, 8.55, 11.10 a. m., 1.15, 2.05, 4.10 (for Fall River), 6.10, 9.15 p. m.

Leave Newport for New York, 7.15, 8.15, 11.10 a. m., 1.15, 2.05, 4.10 (for Fall River), 6.10, 9.15 p. m.

Leave New York for Newport, 7.15, 8.15, 11.10 a. m., 1.15, 2.05, 4.10 (for Fall River), 6.10, 9.15 p. m.